

MARCH

# College Humor

THE BEST IN AMERICA

15  
CENTS

FEATURING  
COLLEGE  
HUMOR'S  
SWING  
FRATERNITY  
SESSION

IN THIS ISSUE:

HEYWOOD BROWN  
SYDNEY HOFF  
WALTER BROOKS  
NEWLIN B. WILDES  
REAMER KELLER  
LAURENCE E. TILLEY  
JEFFERSON MACHAMER



BEN JOSH  
HARRIS

**FREE FOR ALL-AMERICA**  
**BY JOE WILLIAMS**

# THOMAS BENTON

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### THE 58 FAMOUS AMERICAN ARTISTS IN THIS ART MOVEMENT

Peggy Bacon	Emil Ganso	Luigi Lucioni
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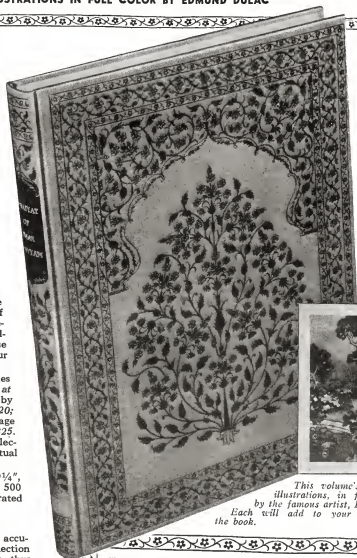
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## CAMPUS SPOTLIGHT

Just a chip off the old block is **WILLES LEWIS**, twenty-one-year-old Harvard senior and son of Famed Novelist and Nobel Prize Winner (1930) Sinclair Lewis, who announces publication, next April, by Farrar and Rinehart, of his first novel, *They Still Say Na—a* love story.

We looked in vain for his name among the editors of the Harvard *Lampoon* (he contributes to the *Advocate*), and so conclude that he aims to be exclusively a serious writer.

He is a member of Signet Club, and his athletic interests are limited to rowing. "My field of concentration is history," he says, "and after graduation, I hope to combine writing with politics, preferably with the Fusion party in New York City." (Now, which party would that be?)

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# College Humor

NINETEENTH YEAR

NED L. PINES, publisher

ROBERT A. PINES, editor

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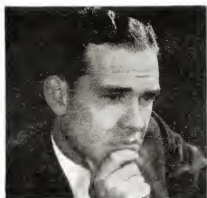
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# HOW SAFE IS



# YOUR JOB?

## CAN YOU CLASS YOURSELF AMONG THE "OK-MUST KEEP!" EMPLOYEES?

**NO** USE dodging facts!

At times—in every company's history—the pay-roll goes onto the operating table for major surgery.

And when such times come, certain employees are amputated—sometimes a few, sometimes many.

Yet a certain few are always marked "OK-Must Keep!" And the many who are let out envy them—call them "lucky."

### What's Behind Job-Holding "Luck"?

It can be *proved*, however, that there's almost always something more than luck involved.

Even the fellow who seems to "have a drag" may actually have a lot more on the ball than is apparent to his fellow workers.

He may have hidden values that only his superiors see or know about.

After all, the "I-Gotta-Drag-Club" has taken a bad licking. In fact, it rather completely disbanded in 1932-1933.

Yet why is it that some employees hold their jobs at the very time when others of seemingly *equal* ability lose theirs?

If it's not luck, there *must* be some explanation.

And there is one!

### How to Insure Your Job

The secret of holding your job in hard

times, is to be invaluable to your employer. And a man or woman who *is* invaluable is usually a well-trained one.

Training is of many kinds—stems from many sources. But the LaSalle kind has been unusually successful. Nearly a million members, in a score of subjects, over a thirty year period can testify to that—and many can prove it by their pay envelopes!

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### Why It Works

Put yourself at your own president's desk for a moment.

You are faced with cutting the pay-roll. First of all, you certainly are going to do your best to hold on to those employees who really know their present jobs.

But among them—the very last to go will be those few who are also wholly or partly trained for the job ahead—even for the job *ahead* of the job ahead!

### What You Should Do About It—

But true as these facts are, you probably will tend to do nothing about them.

"My job is safe," you think. "My company won't cut down—and even if it does, I won't suffer."

But doesn't the very fact that you have read this far indicate that there's some small doubt—a trifle of uneasiness in your mind?

Wouldn't you be more comfortable if right now *your* boss knew that *you* were taking LaSalle training—a piece of knowledge that upon request we take pains to bring to the personal attention of every LaSalle enrollee's superior?

What you *should* do about it is, therefore, as obvious as the coupon below.

### —If You've Got What It Takes!

That coupon, you know, has helped increase the pay envelopes, brighten the lives, and secure the future for many men and women who saw what they *should* do—**AND THEN DID IT!**

It isn't easy. It will cost you hours of serious study, of leisure with friends, your radio, and the movies. And, even on our very liberal payment plan, it will also cost you some money.

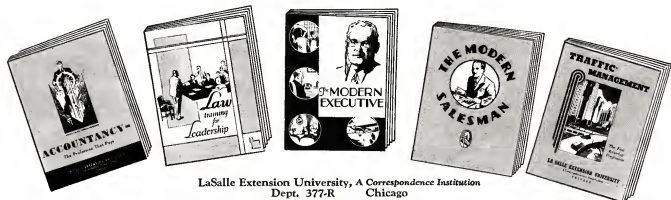
But any worthwhile insurance does cost money. And since this is the nearest thing to job-certainty that we know about—it is *worth* money!

Why not at least investigate? *That* costs not a cent! The coupon will bring a quick response—may help start you on the way toward the future that's *due* you!

Better mail it now—and play safe!

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## JOHNNY LOVED A SPIRITED HORSE BUT BUCKING MARTY'S FATHER WAS NO FUN

and up he came. Straight up. No bucking, no pitching—nothing like that, but all fire, all go, all life. Somebody had taught him to start quick and keep going till he dropped, keep on at a dead run. And he'd do it, too. Oh he was a ride, that golden bay was. He was a horse." Mr. Grady paused, refueling his pipe.

"I rode him some," he went on, thumbing the tobacco in the bowl. "I rode him, and he did good for me. And my daughter rode him—my oldest daughter, that is, the one with the red hair and the freckles on her nose. She rode him, and he liked her, because she's got hands softer than—than the threads on that there spider's web, and she don't weigh more than a hundred ten. But nobody else rode him.

"And then," he continued, "one day a kid came out here. I would say about twenty-one or -two, maybe -three; and a nice looking kid he was, too. Slight built, but with a nice, tight, wide pair of shoulders on him and a sort of quiet look, with black hair and dark eyes. He came out from town on the trolley. Maybe he walked. He didn't have a car, anyway, and he didn't have on riding clothes, and he didn't mess around or get under foot when the riders went out every hour. He just sat over there on the ring fence and took in everything and didn't make a move,

BY NEWLIN  
B. WILDES

Golden  
BAY

ILLUSTRATION  
BY A. S. PACKER

■ "Like horses?" said Mr. Grady. "Sure I like horses.

But I'm not one of them *condemned* sugar toters who go around cooing at 'em and putting their faces up to their noses. No, sir, a horse to me is an animal that goes out and does a day's work lugging Sunday bouncers over the paths, and doesn't complain or cut up or go lame. There's no room for sentiment in this rentin' business. Get fond of your string and you wouldn't let anybody take 'em out; and then where would you be?

"Once, though," he confessed, "once I did let myself go a little soft." Mr. Grady stopped and looked at his watch. "We got a little time," he said. "I could tell you." And he did.

"I bought myself a golden bay horse once," said Mr. Grady. "Two years ago it was. Nicest horse you ever saw to work around in the stable. Follow you like a dog. Kids could play tag under him. You'd think he didn't have a move in him. But man, oh, man, put a saddle on him

until, finally, my daughter Marty, that's the oldest one with the red hair, she came in on the golden bay.

"She came in, and, just so's he wouldn't get too stable-hurried on the way home, ever, she took him on into the ring and put him around a few times, and—well, I guess he was quite a sight, or the two of 'em was; and this kid he sat there, and his eyes went round and round that ring after the horse until I thought he would get dizzy.

"Then the show was over, and he got down a little stiff-legged, and came over to me.

"My name is Hatteras," he said. 'Johnny Hatteras,' and that was all right with me, and I looked him over.

"He didn't stack up as being a customer who would spend a lot of dough with me. His clothes were the fifteen-dollar, off-the-pipe-racks stuff, although neat enough, and his shirt was open at the neck with the tie loosened down. Errand boy or shipping clerk, I had him for.

"How much," he said, "do you charge to ride, Mr.

■ Marty started to speak, but Johnny stopped her. "This is my affair," he said "Marty had nothing to do with it."

Grady?' and I told him two dollars the first hour and one-fifty the second, and he swallowed quick-like and nodded.

"I see," he said, turning away. "Thank you," and he walked away towards the car line, not looking back at all.

"I forgot all about him, until the next Sunday early, about eight, there he was again. But this time he had on a pair of overalls so new they crackled.

"Now, I don't care, myself, what people wear when they ride. But the kind of trade I have, it isn't too high class, and they are apt to be pretty fussy about the way people look. So I gave his outfit a little eye; but it was nothing to the eye I gave him when he up and said. 'Mr. Grady, I would like to ride that golden bay of yours for an hour.'

"Why, I like to bit the stem off my pipe, not only from the nerve of him asking to ride a horse like that the first time out, but with his even knowing what a golden bay was. To most of the crowd that rides from here a horse is brown or gray or black, and a golden bay to them would be the harbor at sunset, if anything.

"But I caught myself, a customer being a customer, and I said 'Why, sure—sure, sometime, maybe. But first,' being very soothing and persuading, 'hadn't you better, maybe, try something else, just for a starter.'

"If you don't mind," he said, 'I'd like to try the golden bay. And I can wait if he is going out now,' with a tone that said he would wait all day if he had to.

"I was casting around for a nice way to tell him off, when who come out of the house with her nose all nicely powdered and looking fresh as if the dew was on her—if I do say it myself—but my oldest daughter Marty, the one with the red—but I told you that.

"She acts very surprised at seeing me out there where I had been every morning, practically, since she was born, and over she comes, and I introduce her.

"How do you do?' she says to Johnny Hatteras, flashing him an extra special smile. 'What are you riding this morning?'

"I was sort of hoping to have a try at that golden bay you were riding last week. But your father—" and he hesitated, looking over at me.

"But Marty didn't hesitate. She just looked this kid over very carefully, and then she said, 'Why, of course, he'd be just the ride for you. He hasn't been out for two days. I'll go down and bring him up.' And off she went with me spluttering, 'Now, look here, Marty, you



know—' and neither of them paying the least bit of attention to me.

"So I waited, thinking, 'Okay, young fellow, you asked for it. I hope you don't get hurt too bad.' In a minute, out they come, the hay looking like something shot from a gun—all light and springy and ready to go—and the kid swings up.

"He swings up all right enough, but before he is set the bay gives a couple of nice long frog hops and a squeal or two to show he is feeling good. Nothing harmful, but enough, I figure, to give the kid a frightening jolt.

"But this Hatteras kid just grins, and his toes find the stirrup irons, and he gives the bay a slap on the neck just to say that everything is okay, and off they go through the apple orchard and into the ring. They trotted it once, and then they slow cantered, and then they walked, and you could just see the golden bay relax and ease off and his ears come forward.

"I caught Marty smiling at me, mocking-like, as if I were the last one out, and she said, 'Go ahead—say it!' But I didn't. I said, 'Hey, you, come over here,' and Johnny Hatteras brought the bay around and let him stand easy beside us.

"'Where'd you learn to ride?' I said, frowning at him. But he just grinned at me. 'Oh, here and there,' he said, and then, 'Will it be all right now if I take him out on the paths for an hour?'

"I said, 'Take him anywhere you want—what have I got to say about it?'

"Then I got thinking, 'This is pretty nice, having somebody come out who does not go looking for an ignition switch on the pommel. If this kid can handle the bay, it is just an excuse for my keeping it just a little longer.'

"Well, everything was fine until the kid came back, and then it was not fine at all. Oh, the bay was all right—he wasn't even warm under the saddle-pad. But as they came up the yard and Nobby Harlan got out.

"Blondish he was, this Nobby Harlan, with a touch of mustache, and very smart as to riding clothes, which is maybe where he got his nickname. He weighed, I would say, one-sixty on the ground and about three-sixty on a horse's back, being the kind that pounds on the saddle and does not seem to get the rhythm of the thing. What is more, he had hands and arms that were stiffer and heavier than the interest on your mortgage, and he would sit back over the tender part of a horse and nothing you could do would make him change.

"I will say this much for him, though: he did not get

thrown off at all and he was not afraid, and sometimes there is hope for people like that. My daughter Marty said so herself, and she seemed to like him pretty well and went to the movies and dances with him now and again.

"And that was why I was not glad at all to see him just then, because he knew Marty liked people who could ride good horses, and he had been after me to let him ride the golden bay, and that was the last thing I wanted to let him do.

"Nobby Harlan came over and stood beside me and watched the bay come up, all easy and relaxed, and then he said, 'I see you're letting that horse out,' with considerable of an edge to his voice; and I said, 'Well,' uncomfortably, 'just this once, Nobby,' wishing I was somewhere else quick. And Nobby Harlan said, 'That is fine. Now I can have him this morning.' And there it was and try to get out of it.

"I knew that once I let Nobby Harlan ride him a few times, the horse would not be worth anything very much. And, well, I was sort of fond of that horse. But then, standing there, I told myself, I said, 'Look here, Grady, you have said a hundred, or maybe a thousand, times that there is no sentiment in this horse-renting business—that sentiment don't count—and here you are about to get rid of one of your best customers just because of a piece of dam' fool sentiment. Why don't you cut out all this malarkey and get down to ham and eggs?' and so I cut it out.

"'Why, surc,' I said, swallowing quick, 'I guess you can ride him all right. Go ahead,' just snatching a glimpse to be sure my daughter Marty was not there. And she wasn't: she was out on the paths somewhere and nobody to bother me. Nobody but myself, and I stepped on that. Hard.

"'Bring the bay over here,' I called to Johnny Hatteras, and over he came with that quiet grin of his.

"'Cee,' he said, 'I haven't had a ride like that for months. He is certainly—' and I cut him short.

"'Good,' I said, not looking at him. 'And now this gentleman is going to ride him. if you'll get off,' and Johnny Hatteras said, 'Sure,' and slid to the ground beside me.

"And then, well, Nobby Harlan took hold of the bay and swung up in that clumsy, clawing, sprawling way he had, almost wrenching the saddle off the horse's back, and the bay gave a hop or two, sort of surprised, I guess, and Nobby Harlan yanked in hard on the curb, and they were off, across the road and into the paths, dancing and jerking and quick starting and stopping, like a fly on a

(Continued on page 46)



■ "Hello! I've been looking for you everywhere!"





■ "Well, Miss Wilson, this is a pleasant surprise!"

# Tennessee

## HILL-BILLY PARTY

■ Hot inspiration for University of Tennessee's Hill-Billy "Corrigan" Ball was nationally syndicated newspaper strip. Tearing leaf from unpublished log of famous "wrong-way" flyer, co-eds asked delighted boys for dates, paid all expenses and did the cutting-in during dances held in the university's Alumni Memorial Gymnasium.

Costumed as characters regularly appearing in the comic, guests applauded from the gymnasium floor efforts of campus Thespians who dramatized comic-strip episodes. Spectators disinclined to masquerade were admitted to balcony, but only non-conformists permitted to join festivities on the main floor were multi-clad faculty members.



■ Virginia Noff hands Doorkeeper Kenneth Parkinson admission tickets she has purchased for herself and Guest Gales Webb, who contributes potent-looking jug.



■ Complying with an old hill-billy custom, David Wells checks his artillery with Dick Mulloy before entering the ballroom with Co-ed Kenne Wade.

## SQUARE DANCE ENDS ROUND OF GAIETY AS COLLEGIANS RIB MOUNTAINEERS



■ Charming and vivacious Jane Harris poses on steps with Salomey, cast as pet pig of comic strip's leading character.

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

## TENNESSEE HILL-BILLY PARTY (Continued)



■ Striking getup of Mary Elizabeth Robinson most closely resembled that of comic strip's "Mammy Yokum," in the opinion of faculty committee which awarded her first prize.



■ Proximity of positions assumed by Bill Swan and Julia Early (apparently oblivious to danger of having her toes stepped on) are far cry from figures of the Paul Jones.



■ Heroines all are these University of Tennessee co-eds who arrived at the ball dressed to look like "Daisy Mae," barefoot, blue-eyed, blond charmer of the syndicated funnies.

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■ Ca-eds and their dates (*above*) squat unceremoniously on gymnasium floor, while more talented schoolmates vigorously re-enact representative situations (*right*) from the comic strip, which has become a favorite with the students.



■ Marjorie Phulkeld (*left*), Charles Wardrep, Paul Clark and Barbara Allen go to town in exciting scene culled from the many melodramatic moments which enliven the daily strip, while audience alternately cheers and jeers.

# TENNESSEE HILL - BILLY PARTY (Continued)



■ Still (upper left—tsk) of a tense moment during marriage ceremony of "Li'l Abner" and "Doisy Moe". No more will Doisy wear her heart on sleeve, but Pappy, reluctantly giving bride away, will continue to carry jug on hip.



■ Enjoying masculine prerogative for evening by leaving dotes to catch breath of air outside, Faye Poore, Ruth Bonhom, Dot Young and Lib Godfrey find Alumni Memorial Gymnasium steps too cold for bare feet, so, toes twitching, they eye proceedings through the windows.

# COLLEGE HUMOR'S

# Swing FRATERNITY

■ All here? Swell—meeting's on!

The boys who beat it out have had a banner year. But what goes from now on? We think several changes in The Art are due; and for the good of Swing we hope they come, but fast.

First, we hope not all rhythmic music performed loud and fast will be labeled "Swing" in 1939. Last year, there was enough blatant corn hash dished out to feed all the armies in the world.

Secondly, we hope the opposition party (sweet) continues to set a high musical standard. We believe in the two-party system, and some members of our party should be impeached—and start playing checkers instead of Swing.

Thirdly, we hope 1939 produces a tangible advancement in style—and hereby hand Prof. Raymond Scott the 1938 COLLEGE HUMOR Award For Outstanding Service To Swing. (Consider yourself crowned, Raymond!)

## DREAM BAND

Thanks for your well-considered COLLEGE HUMOR All-America Swing Band selections. We chose the entry printed in this issue because of its originality and sound reasoning. The India-rubber white tie goes to Bob P——, of Ohio University, who included Fred Waring as a member of his band. Fred's instrument is the banjo, long since a museum piece. And years ago he tucked his twang-box in mothballs, by unanimous request! Nice try, Bob.

## NOTES ON THE CUFF

Goodman is going gaga on long-hair stuff. Since the front-page Car-

negie Hall high-jinx, he's appeared with the Budapest Quartet; and now he's waxing a couple of especially written doodads with the brilliant gutscraper Szigeti (sneeze, then say



■ Wistful Bea Wain wishes she knew what she ought to do (see below).

"spaghetti"). Aside to jitterbugs: This is not a jam session, but all very too, too devout. . . .

Bea Wain, who has come up like a meteor in the Swingsky, wants to be a songwriter. Her dad wants her to be an opera singer. But her boss (Master Clinton) wants her to be what she is! . . .

Speaking of Brother Clinton, his latest killer-diller, á la *Dipsy Doodle*,

is a red-hot and slaphappy chunk of jive called *Variety Is the Spice of Life*. It's Victor 26112, and campus reports indicate it's in the shag-hag for 1939!

Peg La Centra now is Swingsinging on a new WJZ commercial program, and does particularly well with her favorite ditty: *I've Got a New Scheme For an Old Dream*. A lulu in bluestime! . . .

Ben Pollack, who pioneered in Swing when nobody would pay to listen, is back with a sock band. Can be heard on the Joe Penner program.

CBS Satnite Swingsession will keep Maxine Sullivan as a permanent prop. Swing owes a lot to this radio program, first to give jam a regular ether schedule. . . .

Martin's, new hotspot on Gotham's swank 57th St., hopes to thrive on jive with Willie (The Lion) Smith, one of Swingdom's unbeatable ivory caressers. . . .

## SWEET BALM FOR TURNTABLES

Outstanding recent recordings: Louis Armstrong's *Ain't Misbehavin'* and *I Can't Give You Anything But Love* (Decca 2042). The Master Of The Trumpet finally outdoes himself after a series of mild waxings. Here is old Satchmo at his best, playing the pants off both sides. A collector's item. . . .

Bunny Berigan's band could use a soft pedal in the brass section, but they've needed an outstanding turn-around for Victor (26068)—*Livery Stable Blues* and *High Society*. . . .

Incidentally, Bunny's drummer is our choice for Best Youngster Skin-beater. Buddy Rich is the name, m'lads and molasses (tsk). You'll

hear him scoop out some superlative brush work in *Livery Stable Blues*. And he's pretty, too! . . .

We mention *While a Cigarette Was Burning* because it was the "quickest" song hit of the past year. And we mention Buddy Rogers' recording of it (Vocalion 4408) because it displayed the worst arrangement of the year. The chords behind the vocal chorus are out of this world, all right—but from Mars!

#### POPULAR FALLACY DEPT.

It seems to be the notion of a lot of fans that a crack Swingband would automatically result if its membership was composed of individual crack Swingsters.

Wrong. A band composed of "critics' musicians" could fall flat. For the same reason a baseball team comprising top stars from different teams might not get to first base—lack of teamwork.

Prime example: The especially recorded Hot Record Society release (HR 1000) of *Dinah* and *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*. The Peeewe Russell group of Swingsters looks fine on paper—but comes out sketchily on wax.

#### ADVICE TO TYROS

Clarinet and drums are most popular swing instruments among swingfans. If you have a yen to play them, listen to these two aces: Joe Marsella, young wopstick genius says: "It's more important to play 4 notes that mean a lot, than 44 notes that mean nothing."

In other words, would-be licorice-stickers must master the technique of noodling, being extremely selective before trying to play all over the instrument. "Good Swing," Joe opines, "is a matter of strict censorship by the player—you're known by what you *don't* do!"

Joe's drummer, Danny Alvin, tops in any skinbeater's league, says: "Don't try to play 'lead drums'—meaning, don't hog the show. Just keep a solid tempo 'til it 'comes to you.' Then stick in your tricks. but not too many." Sound advice, boys: and thanks!

#### BIX

What with a book (not too accurate as a picture of Bix) and nu-

merous "memorial issues" (best of which was *Metronome's*), the Beiderbecke legend is being kept alive for a new generation of Swingfans, who rightfully worship the master.

Bix was of an era now past. The fast-living, hard-drinking days of prohibition took its toll of lots of fine, talented people. To understand Bix, one must understand his generation. But to understand his music, one needs only to appreciate the subtle qualities of our native jazz. Most of us who heard Bix play know his performances were never as consistent as—say—the playing of Goodman. Benny's stuff seldom varies in quality. His temperament is more solid, his "inspiration" not a result of the mercurial emotions which were part and parcel of Bix's genius.

If it weren't for Beiderbecke's recordings, today's generation would have only the myth, not the music.

If Swing deserves a boot in any one part of its anatomy, it's in the "tone department." We have a gang of brilliant technicians, but where is that *tone*? Berigan hasn't it; Armstrong doesn't always produce it. Tommy Dorsey approaches

a Bix tonal quality when he feels right; Artie Shaw has finer tonal shadings than Benny, but neither thrills you as much with his tone as with his technique. 'Tone, not technique, made Bix great. And tone is merely another name for "feeling."

This era is more jittery, more brittle. But let the boys who have found fame and fortune in Swing forget a little of their brilliance (calculated to impress a handful of musicians), and play those blues, those soft, subtle, insinuating Swings based on *tone* or *feeling*.

To hell with blasting brass, screeching reeds, and smashing cymbals. Let's get back to TONE. That's what the 1939 swingworld needs!

#### GOOD AND WELFARE

Oilah, shoilah, hurry, hurry (and thank you, Bill Saroyan), come and get your COLLEGE HUMOR Swing Fraternity sterling silver miniature drum emblem (see cut)—only fifty cents, the tenth part of a sawbuck. Hurry, hurry, hurry.  
—PAT BALLARD.



### COLLEGE HUMOR'S ALL-AMERICA SWING BAND

By Robert Logan, Brown University, '40

#### SAXOPHONES (5)

- |                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Alto:               | 1. Johnny Hodges   |
|                     | 2. Chu Berry       |
| Alto and Clarinet:  | 3. Benny Goodman   |
| Tenor:              | 4. Coleman Hawkins |
| Tenor and C Melody: | 5. Frank Trombauer |

#### TRUMPETS (3)

- Mannie Klein
- Louis Armstrong
- Bobby Hackett

#### TROMBONES (2)

- Jackson Teagarden
- Tommy Dorsey

#### RHYTHM (4)

- |         |                   |
|---------|-------------------|
| Piano:  | Mary Lou Williams |
| Drums:  | Gene Krupa        |
| Bass:   | Bob Haggart       |
| Guitar: | Art Ruess         |

I realize the importance of several people whose names I have not listed, but fourteen is a small number, and you're bound to make some important omission. I have only six major regrets in this respect, and they are: (1) Jimmy Dorsey in the alto-sax department, (2) Art Shaw in the alto-clarinet set-up, and (3-6) Bob Zurke, Art Tatum, Earl Hines, and Count Basie for the ivory division.

The most unusual feature about this band is the presence of a third alto-sax and the resulting absence of the more customary third trombone. This is excusable because the switch gives the band a tremendous asset—a more-than-capable alto combined with a great clarinetist; our trombone department can stand on its own without a third.

■ Tod and Smitty were reclining on the library lawn when I came up. I hadn't seen Smitty since last semester. I'd been wondering about him.

"Listen to this," jeered Tod. "He's lonely. He hasn't a friend in the world. Even we're not his friends any more."

I didn't get the drift of the talk yet. "I suppose a friend is a guy that's willing to die for you, eh, Smitty?" I said. "Hell, no."

"Well, then, I'm still your friend," Tod yelled.

"Yeh," said Smitty. He was puffing grimly on his pipe.

"We still like you," Tod said seriously. "But since you've been going around with Edith —things have been different. We don't like Edith."

"I know."

"You chose her in preference to us. I don't see where we're to blame."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you," Smitty asserted. "You're fine. Salt of the earth. I'm just sorry you're not my friends any more. You've drifted away."

"Don't worry, Smitty," I soothed. "I'll be your friend."

"Yes—" Tod grinned—"and he'll love Edith."

"Sure, chum," I said. "We'll go out on double dates together. How about hotel dancing Friday night? I can get complimentary covers."

"I'll ask Edith," Smitty said.

Later, I told Kathie we were going out with Smitty and Edith. She shook her head. "Oh, no. That Edith is stupid! I can't stand her conversation."

"Don't listen to her," I said. "Listen to me."

"Besides, she stands six feet in her stockings."

"What of it?" I shrugged. "So do I."

Kathie waved a decisive hand. "You don't wear high-heeled shoes."

Eager to please, I retorted, "I will, that night. You'll go, won't you? Smitty says he hasn't got any friends any more."

Kathie scowled. "He doesn't deserve any. You'd better not leave me alone with that woman."

I wondered what I was bucking besides six feet of dull conversation in her stockings. Next time I saw Smitty, he told me Edith said she'd go, and that she'd wear a long dress.

"I can imagine," I sighed.

We went in Smitty's car. Edith had

a build like a Physical Ed. major. "Are you on campus, Edith?" I asked. "I've never seen you on campus."

"She's not on campus," Smitty said.

Edith spoke sharply. Part of what she said was for me, part for Smitty. "I'm in a beauty shop," she said. "Keep your eyes on the road. It's quite a large shop."

"I can imagine," I responded.

"Seven girls," she added with pride.

"That's a lot of girls for one shop."

"I'm head girl."

"You must have a lot of talent."

Kathie had gone to sleep, so I kept quiet for a while.

## EDITH'S FIGURE WAS STRIKING BUT SMITTY COULD



■ Smitty had been teetering in his chair, and as Edith shoved the table over with a tremendous heave, down went Smitty, table and all, in a heap.



Soon Edith and Smitty were talking to each other, containedly, as people in the front seat of a sedan will. She told him he didn't have his lights on, and he said he'd be damned if every time they crossed the bridge she didn't say he didn't have his lights on.

"Well, you *haven't* got your lights on," insisted Edith; and it went on like that.

Kathie had awakened. "She's a big girl, isn't she?" Kathie murmured.

"A grand person," I agreed dully.

Kathie was vindictive.

"It should be fun dancing with her," she offered testily.

"It'll be a great bout," I said, without any enthusiasm.

At the hotel we had scotch-and-sodas. Then Smitty and Edith got up to dance. "Let's follow them," whispered Kathie. "It should be a riot."

Smitty and Edith made quite a couple, but not everyone knew it. "Look at that woman dancing alone," people would say, if they were in back of Edith. People on the other side generally exclaimed, "My God!"

"You're tall," Kathie told me. "It won't be so bad."

"My God!" I said. At our table, I ordered more scotch-and-sodas. Smitty asked Kathie if she'd care to dance. She would. I looked at Edith. She didn't look so good.

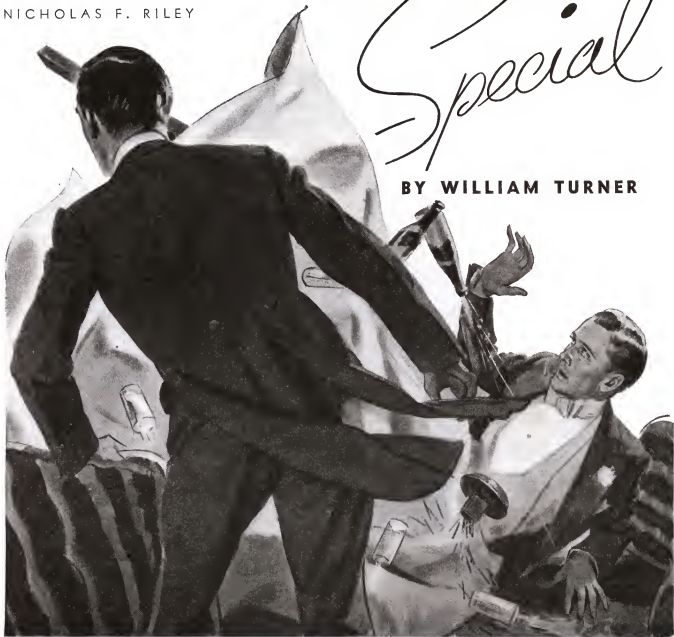
## NOT PERSUADE HER TO SIT DOWN

ILLUSTRATION BY  
NICHOLAS F. RILEY

# TWO-BIT

# Special

BY WILLIAM TURNER



I looked at my glass. It was empty. I endeavored to get Edith into a gripping conversation. I tried books, the theatre, politics, and what we did as children, but it always got back to the beauty shop. It was a large shop. Seven girls.

We danced. She was a little tipsy, but an excellent dancer. "His lights weren't on, were they?" she mumbled in my ear, it being conveniently close to her mouth.

I said, "I can never tell about lights unless I'm in front of the car. And that's dangerous. Might get run over."

"I was run over once, by a bicycle."

"My God!" I said, and so did all the people dancing around us. Dancing around us, by the way, was an excursion.

I guided her back to the table, and we all had scotch-and-sodas. I didn't think it was possible to get tight on hotel drinks, but Edith accomplished it. She started a discourse on hair. She criticized every coiffure in the vicinity.

"You should have your hair washed," she told Kathie. "You should have your mouth washed," Kathie snapped. Then she cooled—icy-like. "What's really wrong with my hair is that there is a nest of robins in it," she said. "But you're so tight you can't see them!"

Smitty sternly confirmed the judgment. "You're sure tight," he said. He got up from the table and walked away.

Edith snorted. It was frightening—really frightening. "To hell with him. I got a million boy friends. Even the manager of the beauty shop has a case on me. He regards me highly."

"I can imagine." It was Kathie again. "You're some dish, all right. You're a two-bit special, you are."

"I'm preputitary," Edith boasted. "You're thyroid. But I'm preputitary. I know all the bones in the human head." She beamed at me.

"I'd like to meet them," I said politely.

She just went on talking. Smitty, plastered, came back from the bar. I took back what I'd thought about hotel drinks. "And where," he questioned, gawking in hazy bewilderment, "is my little sunflower?"

I got him into a chair. "Here's Edith." He gazed at her for an uncomfortable period. "You're an awfully big woman," he declaimed.

I turned hurriedly to Kathie. "Shall we dance?"

"Dance?" said Smitty, turning his head first and then letting his eyes swing around. "Is the orchestra playing? He says the orchestra's playing, Big Woman. Let's dance."

The orchestra wasn't playing. Smitty waggled his finger at me. "You were just trying to get away from Edith—I know."

People were staring at us.

Some were laughing, some were drinking. One man was biting his fingernails. "I'd hate," Edith stated loudly, "to have to manicure his nails."

Smitty rebuked her casually. "Edith, you're impolite." It was the pre-Edith Smitty, the Smitty of old, the easy-going, nonchalant Smitty, able to accept anything—including love—and equally able to let it alone. Edith was doomed.

"Who's impolite?" She glared at the man biting his nails. He visibly flinched.

Smitty remained unperturbed. Then he started his old habit of chanting his conversation in verse when he'd had too many scotch-and-sodas.

*"You're impolite, you're impolite,  
Our friends you are not treating right;  
What's more, you're quite a tremendous sight,  
A most tremendous sight."*

Edith knew she was not being flattered. So, repartee being beyond her, she resorted to force, for which she was well adapted. With a tremendous heave, she shoved our table over. It caromed in Smitty's direction. As he had been teetering in his chair, down went table and Smitty and all. The sound effects were not disturbed by the surrounding spectators. They were silent, awestricken. Our waiter and two of his colleagues rushed over.

"It's about time you came!" exclaimed Edith. "Another moment and that man would have demolished the place. He deliberately upset that table. He did it deliberately, officer."

Smitty rose, the debris falling from him nonchalantly. "I did it!" he shouted. "I knocked that table over on me. I was committing suicide!"

He pounded his chest dramatically. "You see before you the results of unrequited love," he said.

The waiters weren't listening. They were holding a conference. "Gentlemen"—Smitty approached them quietly—"I would like to have the check; we are leaving." Our waiter looked at the broken glass. He made out a very large check.

"Be a gentleman," said Edith. "Tip him the one percent, or whatever it is."

Going home, Kathie and I tried to ignore the quiet front seat wrangling, but we were unable to escape the conversation on the bridge. It concerned the lights on Smitty's car. They weren't on.

The first thing Smitty did was take Edith home. "She'll marry the manager of the beauty shop, now," Kathie predicted in a whisper.

"They'll make a great team," I said.

(Continued on page 17)



■ "Hello, mother?—I made a killing in Wall Street today!"



■ "Only 23 apples! Who's absent today?"

## STEWART WAS IMMUNE TO MEASLES BUT MARGERY DID NOT CATCH ON

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOLMGREN



■ Margery jumped out of bed and emptied a box of dusting powder over them, as they rolled on the floor

■ There was once a young man named Stewart Brooks though thank goodness no relation. With Stewart health came first. He exercised regularly and wore seasonal underwear and never went out without a top coat in the pocket of which was a pair of rubbers. Winter and summer he wore a knitted bellyband next to his skin so that no sudden chill could strike home and panic the vital organs and he owned a medicine chest which contained a remedy for practically everything except beri beri and dementia praecox. By taking such precautions as these he expected to live to be ninety.

Well aside from this preoccupation with his health Stewart was a nice young man and very popular in Tyre Center which was where he lived for he was a good golfer and dancer and could play on a jug and imitate W. C. Fields and he was entertaining without being coarse. The Chamber of Commerce of which he was secretary thought

a lot of him for he had invented the slogan Tyre Center: the Hub of the Universe.

Margery Wade thought a lot of him too. Margery was small and blond and the best description of her I can give you is that she had that certain thing. She had never been to college and all she knew about life she had learned from popular fiction and the young men who frequented her vicinity. But she can not of course be said to have been completely untutored. And she preferred Stewart to these other young men which to me argues a certain intelligence for I know what they were like. But still she wished that he wouldn't take a quinine pill to ward off malaria every time a mosquito bit him when they were out in the garden, evenings. For she felt that the man she married ought to be a hero at least in a small way.

Well one night there was a party at the Corbins and Stewart took Margery and on the way she sneezed. Hey!

# fools

## RUSH IN

BY  
WALTER  
BROOKS



said Stewart What's that? And he stopped the car under a street light and examined Margery with a clinical eye and it was plain that she was coming down with a cold.

Well Stewart was pretty upset—first because he thought Margery ought to be home in bed and second because she had kissed him and probably plastered him with germs when she had got into the car. And he said so. And Margery said Oh was that so? Well she knew plenty of people who would be only too eager to kiss her even if she had smallpox. So they had a row but finally went on to the party.

Well it was a good party but Stewart felt very strongly about the common cold and he kept urging Margery to go home for not only was there danger of pneumonia but many dire diseases at their onset resembled a cold and he told her about infantile paralysis and other afflictions and asked if she had pains in her legs. No said Margery but I have a pain in the neck and it isn't from any germ either. And she sneezed a couple of times at him. She didn't pull her sneezes either and Stewart dodged and scrambled out of his chair and went up to the bath-room and gargled.

But a little later he saw Margery accept a glass of rum punch from the hands of Henry Sturdy. Henry was Stewart's chief rival. He was the plump pink good natured type that at forty becomes active in fraternal circles and I rather like him but don't let him enlist your sympathies for he is the villain of the story. I don't mean that his intentions toward Margery weren't strictly honorable. They were just as honorable as those of any young man toward the girl he would like to marry. And so Stewart went up to them and said Marge I don't think anyone in your condition ought to drink any more punch. What? said Henry his eyes popping and Stewart said Marge has a cold. Oh said Henry and then he laughed and said Well I've always heard that the very best thing to cure it is to get full right up to the stopper. Alcohol said Stewart

opens the pores and renders you more liable to get a chill. You let my pores alone said Margery crossly and drank off the punch and Henry grinned and said Go away Stew—you "pore" us.

Well the evening went on like that and Stewart kept pursuing Margery with therapeutics and hygiene and when he danced with her he held her at arm's length so the germs could not jump across and at last she got good and mad and stopped in the middle of the floor and slapped his face and told him what he could do. So he did it. And Henry took Margery home.

Well the next day was a holiday and along about noon Henry called up Stewart and said Hello Stew and Stewart said Hello Hank and Henry said Have you been to see Marge today Stew? No said Stewart Why? Well said Henry she's pretty sick. And she's been asking for you. What! said Stewart. What is it Hank? Is it serious? Well I don't know said Henry It's—well I guess you better go up there. And his voice sounded so queer that Stewart was more scared than ever and he dropped the receiver and ran out and jumped into his car.

Well Stewart wasn't more than five minutes on the way and as he skidded in between the Wade gateposts he just caught a glimpse of someone who popped out and hung a sign on the front door knocker and then popped in again. And it was someone who popped an awful lot like Henry Sturdy. So when Stewart galloped up the steps and saw that the sign was a yellow one with SMALLPOX on it in black letters, he didn't hesitate but rang the bell.

So the maid answered the door and said she'd see and went and pretty soon came back and said I guess you can go right up. So he went up and there was Margery in bed looking as pretty as a picture with a slightly red nose. O Stew! Isn't it terrible! she said sitting up and holding out her arms and Stewart sat down and put his arms around her being careful to point her nose over his shoulder and said There darling it won't be so bad and maybe it won't disfigure you very much and even if it



does leave your face all lumpy I shall still love you. Oh darling! cried Margery hugging him and then she suddenly shouted Hey Hank! and in a minute the door opened and Henry came in. And Margery said Now what have you got to say Hank?

But Stewart jumped up and said Well Hank what are you doing here? Why said Margery I haven't really got the smallpox Stew. Ah said Stewart. No said Margery. And then she explained that the whole thing was a sort of game suggested by Henry which she had consented to because she wanted to prove that Stewart was not a coward. And Hank said you were she said but I said you would come if I sent for you even if I did have smallpox. My hero! said Henry bitterly. Well he is! said Margery and sneezed.

Now wait a minute said Stewart. It's easy to be a hero when the only competition is offered by Hank. I'll settle with him later. But I'm surprised your father and mother would let you get away with this. They went to New York this morning said Margery. Ah said Stewart and then he grinned and said Well Hank as a matter of fact I saw you hang out that sign when I came in the gate.

Miss Wade said Oh and sank back and blew her nose. And Henry jumped up and said I knew it couldn't be true Marge! He's too much of a coward. Listen Hank said Stewart I take care of my health because I want to have the pleasure some time in the 1960's of reading your obituary. But if you don't lay off this coward stuff I'll sock you right into the undertaker's hands today. And he got up and walked toward Henry but at that moment the maid put her head in the door and said The doctor's here Margery.

So then Stewart and Henry went out and sat on the stairs and waited glowering dismally until the doctor came out. The doctor's name was Wilfred Bugbee and he had once

shaken hands with Bruce Barton but don't get interested in him because he has nothing further to do with the story. As soon as he had pattered down the stairs Stewart and Henry went back in. At least they tried to but they both wanted to get through the door first and they jostled each other and from jostling it went to shoving and from shoving to punching and Henry tripped Stewart and Stewart grabbed Henry's necktie and then they were rolling around on the floor socking each other among the furniture legs and I don't know where it would have stopped if Margery hadn't jumped out of bed and emptied a whole box of dusting powder over them.

Well the maid had heard the row and she came rushing upstairs and stuck her head in the door and saw two clown's faces coughing

through a mist so she yelled something in Bohemian because she came from there and ran down again. But Margery opened the window and got back into bed. And when the powder had settled she said crossly Well now you two tramps have had your fun suppose you get out of here and let a lady suffer in peace. So they got up looking sort of subdued and dusted themselves off. And Margery said You're so darn anxious to show how brave you are that neither of you cares anything about me. I suppose you wouldn't be interested in what the doctor said. Well I've got the measles.

Henry said Measles! and Stewart said Oh and went over to the window and looked out. Yes said Margery and he says we ought to be pretty careful because while it isn't so serious in children when older people get it there are apt to be all sorts of complications. What do you mean complications? said Henry. It's just a kids' disease. Generally it is said Margery but when grown-ups get it it's apt to go into bronchial pneumonia. And you know what that is! Dr. Bugbee kept asking me if I felt any tightness in my chest but of course I felt so hot and feverish anyway that it's hard to tell.

I feel hot and tight in my chest too said Stewart but I guess that's from wrestling around and breathing in so much powder don't you Hank? I—I—well yes said Henry surreptitiously feeling his pulse. Look here Stew he said we ought to get out of here and let Marge rest if she's got measles. Go ahead said Stewart I'm going to stay and sit with Marge and read to her or maybe tell her stories. She's got a children's disease so maybe she'd like a bedtime story to go with it. And he sat down on the bed close to Margery and began Once upon a time there was a little fat boy named Hank and he came down with the measles so his mamma said Now Hanky-panky sweetie I will rub some bear's grease on your little chesty-weasty

and tuck you all up in your beddy-by and tell you a story. And this is the story. Once there was a little fat boy named Hank and—O you're awful funny interrupted Henry but I think it's kind of out of place when Marge is sick. Go on stay and make a nuisance of yourself. I hope I know enough not to be funny when somebody feels rotten.

I hope you do said Stewart but I doubt it or you wouldn't have hung that sign on the door. Oh yeah? said Henry and then he growled and turned to Margery and said Well if Stew doesn't know enough to go I do. And he went.

Ah said Stewart taking Margery's hand and patting it now that the entertainment committee has gone we can settle down and be quiet. Do you want me to read to you? (Continued on page 49)



■ "Mother won't let me accept these Mr. Benedict—they're artificial!"



■ "I'm sorry, I never talk to strangers."



# CAMPUS

## Parade

COLLEGE HUMOR PAYS FIVE DOLLARS FOR PICTURES LIKE THESE. SEND GLOSSY PRINT ENLARGEMENTS ACCOMPANIED BY DETAILS AND RETURN POSTAGE

■ **Temple University:** Aided and abetted by indulgent members of Philadelphia's Fire Department, who obligingly manned street hydrant, sophomores drenched freshmen (*above*) in traditional interclass tug-of-war, held in off-campus arena on Berks Street, between Brood and Wotts, in the City of Brotherly Love.

After third dousing, however, resurgent underclassmen gained possession of hose in wild frocs (*below*), turned gushing stream gleefully on sophomores and spectators alike.

Unscheduled excitement occurred when tugging sophomores almost bocked into ombulance.



■ **Beaver College:**

Freshmen Mary Tooley (left), Jean Gent and Janet Rogers, advised they have no standing at party given in their honor, are provided with dunce stools from which they glumly observe merrymaking occupants of seats of the high and mighty.



■ **Oklahoma A. and M. College:**

18-year-old Robertellen Corbin, Phi Pi Sorority's entry, who won first place in campus bathing beauty contest, poses with trim legs of shapely runners-up as background.



MORE CAMPUS PARADE ON FOLLOWING PAGE





## CAMPUS PARADE (Continued)

### ■ High Point (N.C.) College:

Only twin drum majorettes in Dixie are sophomore co-leaders Lilly and Emma Whittaker of school's Purple Panther band, shown here strutting their stuff.

### ■ Radcliffe College:

To confound Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology skeptics, who claim Radcliffe houses only uncomely grinds, Harvardman Fred Fee, '39, titles this alluring picture of sister college's lovely Beatrice Channing, "Shapeliest Legs On the Radcliffe Campus."





## The Answer

Distressed by the walloping hole sunnarily gouged in their wallets, a class at Dartmouth edged up to their professor at the beginning of one of his lectures, and queried him grievously, "Why," point-blank, "do you charge so much for your book?"

He didn't answer, but, bowing politely, glided off his platform and was gone a full five minutes. When he returned, he was accompanied by an exquisite thing in a stunning Paris creation.

The prof turned to the roomful of students, waited for silence, then spoke:

"Gentlemen," said he, "my daughter."

—Pitt Panther.

## Pome

*For their incandescent prudence,  
For their acumen as students,  
For the freshness and the purity they lend;  
For their Congo-rubber morals,  
For their festivals and chorals,  
For their every act, the co-eds I defend.*

*I commend them,*

*Recommend them*

*For their redolent macassar.*

*I defend them;*

*Let us send them all to Vassar.*

—Penn State Froth.

## Old Order Changeth Not

A past inhabitant of a house on Pittsboro Avenue, up (?) for a recent fraternity affair, passed out thrice of an evening, despite the entertaining attention of his auburn-tressed companion, and finally relinquished the ghost on the lawn where he was allowed to absorb the gently falling dew and the night air ere the dawning sun arose.

Out again was one who caused much distress to a Chi-Oh puege when he didn't show for the dance. Somebody called for a substitute and found all the brothers likewise.

Passing out is seemingly in vogue. The New Dorm was host to one numbered among the missing, a recent evening, who revived not sufficiently to call his date who finally went to bed, upstairs in the New Dorm. He was resurrected by another who substituted.

We saw a lady, who in '38 accompanied one of Proff's leading disciples, weeping lustily near the Presbyterian Church, after being tackled in true football mode by a rather inundated lad from Cameron.

—North Carolina Buccaneer.

## Nobody Home

"Here, boy," said a fussy man to a sleepy-looking lad who was lounging at the entrance to a large apartment house, "where does Mr. Smythe live?" "I'll show you, sir," said the lad, and he started to climb the broad stairs. Up six flights he went, with the visitor following breathlessly. Finally he paused at an open door.

"This is where Mr. Smythe lives," he announced.

"He doesn't seem to be home," remarked the visitor, peering into the room.

"No, sir," replied the boy. "He was standing on the doorstep as we came in."

—Temple Owl.



■ "Let's eat 'em quick—I think we're about to be hijacked!"



■ "Look here, miss, this ain't no time to play hard to get!"

# FREE FOR ALL— *America*

**NONE CAN NAME TEAM  
OF NATION'S GRIDIRON  
STANDOUTS THAT WILL  
BE PLEASING TO ALL**

**BY JOE WILLIAMS**

■ [EDITOR'S NOTE: COLLEGE HUMOR'S 1933 All-America Football Team came the hard way. Our Mr. Williams said he wouldn't pick one; had never picked one in his life. Seemed to be something he was proud of. But we knew he had seen as many games as any other expert in the country; that in his weekly coast-to-coast broadcasts he was up to his ears in football all year. So we pressed the point. Following is a stenographic report of the pressing of said point.]

EDITOR: Well, what's wrong with picking an all-America football team. Everybody does it.

WILLIAMS: That's just the point. An all-America team is about as exclusive as a weather forecast.

EDITOR: But in football, certain players must stand out above others. And the purpose of an all-America team is to give credit to players who do stand out.

WILLIAMS: Fair enough. But how are you going to do it? I saw a full quota of eight games this year, about 400 players all told, but as far as covering the national situation is concerned, I might as well have been standing in a telephone booth battling with a no-answer signal. (That blonde's never in.)

EDITOR: I know what you are going to say. There are some 500 colleges playing the game; there are from ten to fifteen major games each Saturday; it's impossible for any one man to see them all; therefore it's all quite silly. Just the same I notice somebody always picks an all-America team.

WILLIAMS: You mean *everybody* picks an all-America team. Why the Bureau of Statistics asserts that in 1937, for every male child born between June and January, there were exactly forty-seven certified, guaranteed, foot-proof, official all-America teams—and this was a lean year, too, owing to the Roosevelt purge and the Mae West-Charley McCarthy broadcast.

EDITOR: Well, admitting everybody picks a team, how do they go about it? What is the formula? What system do they use to select eleven men from the entire field?

WILLIAMS: I suppose you'd call it the eye-and-ear

system. They like the men they happen to see, and they believe what they hear about the others.

EDITOR: You don't make that quite plain. They must hear of hundreds of players. Doesn't that make for confusion?

WILLIAMS: Not to the experienced selector. In due time he develops an automatic ear. The player whose name he hears mentioned most often is his man for this or that position.

EDITOR: How is your ear today, my good fellow?

WILLIAMS: Well, it's clean, if that's what you want to know.

EDITOR: I mean, could you crank it up, or whatever you do with an automatic ear, and produce an all-America team?

WILLIAMS: I hope my worst enemy never hears about this; but, starting with the ends, I hear the two best men in the country are Wyatt of Tennessee and Young of Oklahoma.

EDITOR: Now we are getting somewhere. All right, we'll put down Wyatt and Young as the all-America ends for 1933.

WILLIAMS: I wish you'd add that I'm not so sure. And if my public writes in—I mean that fellow from Cicero, Ill., and wants to know how about Holland of Cornell, Brown of Notre Dame, Kavanaugh of Louisiana State, Jacunski of Fordham, Wysocki of Villanova, Goins of Clemson and Shirk of Oklahoma, tell him *they* are the two best ends in the country. Personally, I think the two best endmen in the country passed out with the death of the old-time minstrel show. I refer to Honey-boy Evans and George Primrose.

EDITOR: Let's stick to Wyatt and Young. What makes them stand-outs?

WILLIAMS: Well, Young is a 200-pounder, a sure-fingered pass receiver and a smashing defensive player. Everybody thought Ernie Lain of Rice was a great passer, but Young ruined him this year. Young got in his hair so

## DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THESE

(Courtesy Mental Merry-Go-Round Ed.)

### First Team

L. E.	Wyatt	Tennessee
L. T.	Wolff	Santa Clara
L. G.	Smith	Southern California
C.	Hill	Duke
R. G.	Roth	Cornell
R. T.	Benoir	Notre Dame
R. E.	Young	Oklahoma
Q. B.	O'Brien	Texas Christian
L. H. B.	MocLeod	Dortmouth
R. H. B.	Hall	Mississippi
F. B.	Goldberg	Pittsburgh

### Second Team

Holland	Cornell
Hole	Texas Christian
Heikkinen	Michigan
Aldrich	Texas Christian
Bock	Iowa State
Coon	North Carolina State
Brown	Notre Dame
Carnelly	Cornegie Tech
Luckmon	Columbia
Bottori	California
Weiss	Wisconsin

### Third Team

Kovonough	Louisiana State
Delaney	Holy Cross
Suffridge	Tennessee
Hinkebein	Kentucky
Twedell	Minnesota
Maronic	North Carolina
Jacunski	Fordham
Sitko	Notre Dame
Cofego	Tennessee
Pingel	Michigan State
Osmanski	Holy Cross



■ Wisconsin's Howie Weiss carries the ball for a five-yard gain before being stopped by U. C. L. A. tacklers.

much, Lain must have thought he had a peculiar form of dandruff. Wyatt isn't quite as heavy, weighs about 185, but plays much the same kind of game, and, if anything, is a little better in all-around offensive tactics. Good student and popular. Just was beaten for senior class presidency. And is sure pop for Hollywood. Looks like a cross between Gary Cooper and Clark Gable.

EDITOR: Let's keep sex out of this. How about your tackles?

WILLIAMS: Just a second while I dial the old ear . . . Wolff of Santa Clara and Benoir of Notre Dame. . . . They tell me these two are tops. Can do everything but cook. But whether they are any better than Hale of Texas Christian, Coon of North Carolina State, Delaney of Holy Cross, Maronic of North Carolina, or Kuzman of Fordham, to mention a few other sons of Mr. Legion, I wouldn't know.

EDITOR: To simplify matters, we'll stick to Wolff and Benoir. What's the dope on them?

WILLIAMS: They're both 200-pounders and over. Wolff was downfield under punts this year; he intercepted and broke up forward passes. In three years' play, very little yardage was made through him, and he was a sixty-minute player. Benoir was good enough to make his letter at Notre Dame his first year—and if the coach knows you are even on the field, your first year at South Bend, you're good. He was all-America in '37, and everybody says he was better this year, so he must rate.

EDITOR: And now the guards.

WILLIAMS: It's the same old story here. You can name two, and Otis P. Sapp may come along and name two others just as good if not better. If I had my way the all-teams would be made up wholly of guards. About the only time you hear of them is when the all-teams are picked. And maybe you wouldn't hear of them then if it wasn't necessary to have eleven men for a team.

EDITOR: And now the guards, if you please!

WILLIAMS: If you weren't so serious about this, I could

name you two subway guards at the Times Square station good enough to make any team in the country. Not a day passes that they don't throw about half the population of New York for assorted losses, ranging from dignity to smashed skimmers. They are without doubt the—

EDITOR: The guards, the guards, gawd, the guards!

WILLIAMS: Oh, the guards. Well, why didn't you say so? Smith of Southern California and Roth of Cornell. Take 'em and like 'em. Probably nobody else will.

EDITOR: Good men. I've heard of them myself. But how about Heikkinen of Michigan, Bock of Iowa State, Suffridge of Tennessee, Twedell of Minnesota—don't they rate?

WILLIAMS: Sure they do. So do Laundry of Rice, Zitrides of Dartmouth, Howell of Auburn, and those two mugs you always see around El Morocco, guarding Peggy Joyce's rocks. But that's just what I'm telling you. You can't put 'em all on.

EDITOR: Okay. What about Smith and Roth. Why do you like them?

WILLIAMS: Why? Because they're good to their mothers. They think sweet, clean thoughts. They eat their spinach. Why do I like 'em? Who said I did? Do you think I'm swish? They're just damned good guards, that's all, and that ought to be enough. Fine blockers, keen judges of plays, tough as whalebone, hard to take out of any play—and seldom by less than two men. They can and did do everything guards should do.

EDITOR: We now come to our all-America center.

WILLIAMS: It pleases me, Mr. Drizzlepuss, to see that you are sharing some of this shame. *Our* all-America center! Well, he's Hill of Duke. Generally, I use only one ear in tuning in on all-America tips, but in the case of Hill it has been necessary to use two ears, and there have been times when even a third ear would have come in handy, although I realize I would look a bit foolish with three ears, as who wouldn't, unless you want to except Winchell. I mean, practically (*Continued on page 43*)

# FIRESIDE CHITS

BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER



■ "Collegiate Escort Service?—Lissen!—I wanta swap the guy you sent for one who DIDN'T make any New Year's resolutions!!"



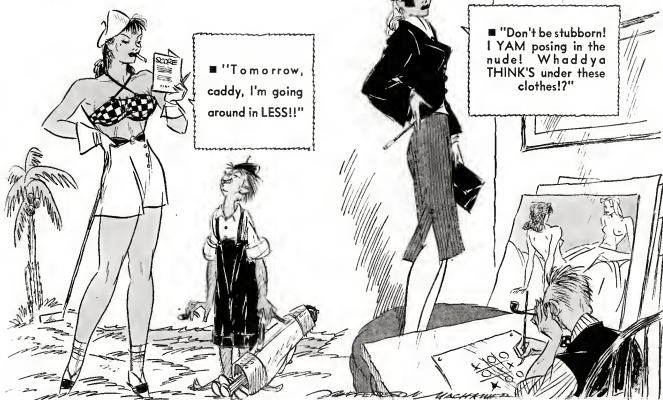
■ "'Am I in a PICKLE!? — I can't remember whether I put on an evening gown or not!!"



■ "Here's your bathing suit, darling—can I borrow your fur coat?"



■ "But officer—I jus' moved here from Californi—"







■ "My friend wants one also, but he's too proud to ask."

## Embarrassing (?) Moment

"Jack —, at a football game last Sunday, threw a football and accidentally (?) hit a certain black-haired lass in the eye."

—Oklahoma Gold Brick.

## Compensation

by S. A. C

*He's a drip,  
Sure he is,  
A goon to the end,  
With gosh-awful clothes  
And horn-rimmed lens.  
He's cross-eyed  
And shallow,  
A nub from way back,  
With uncertain features,  
In appeal much a-lack.  
He's a drule,  
There's no doubt,  
A jeep of the best;  
But, honey,  
His money*

*Makes up for the rest!*

—Randolph-Macon Old Maid.

## Abnormal?

One of the history instructors was amazed the other day when a student having been asked to name two ancient sports, replied, "Anthony and Cleopatra."

—Cornell Widow.

## FACULTY Wit

"The world will never be a safe place in which to live as long as it is infested by mankind."

Dr. C. A. Timm, Government,  
University of Texas.

"A professor is, in reality, a text-book wired for sound."

Prof. Pelzer, Hist.,  
Iowa State University.

"You men can take it or leave it—leave it and you take it next year."

Prof. Howard Fry, Math.,  
Franklin and Marshall College.

"You start, stumble, stutter, stagger, stammer, stall and stop."

John R. Leydon, Romance Languages,  
Girard (Pa.) College.

"I can't make you learn this, but I can damned well make you wish you had."

Mr. Lippincott, Chemistry,  
Clemson College.

"You're just built that way, girls—your hips are put together like that; and no matter how many pairs of pants you put on, how many you try to act like a man, you're going to wiggle when you walk. That's what makes you cute."

Prof. Thos. C. Sherwood, Anat.,  
Univ. of Kentucky.

"To paraphrase an Irish member of the House of Commons, the class is overrun with absentees."

Prof. Francis A. Aumann, Pol. Sci.,  
Ohio State Univ.

*Undergraduates are invited to send in odd sayings by faculty members. One dollar will be paid for each acceptable item. Address Faculty Wit, care of COLLEGE HUMOR.*

## Co-ed's Prayer

by Nancy Vincens

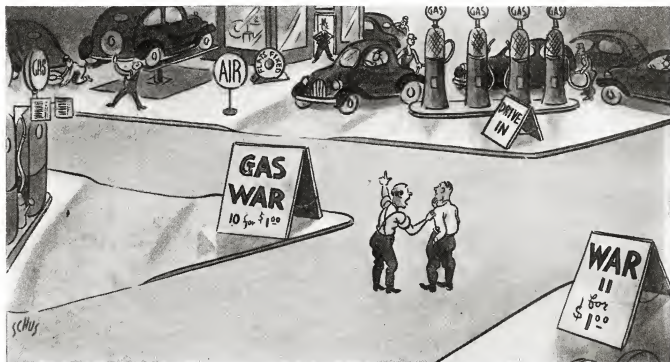
"Dear God—please make him ask me to Carnival. I think he's a goon, but I can't lose my grip. If I don't go to Carnival, Jack won't ask me to Princeton, and if I don't go to Princeton, Tom will never ask me up for that weekend at Yale and if he doesn't why everyone'll think I never go out and no one will ever ask me anywhere again. So you see I simply *have* to go. You'll take care of it? Oh, fine! And thanks for having that dope show up tonight, I hardly expected him to. Will you try to have the invitation here soon, so I'll have at least a month before I accept? O.K. That's swell. 'Night. Ahh—men!'"

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.

## Hearsay

Before we begin this story, we'd better tell you that it comes to us second hand. They say that some time ago there was a sign posted in the administration building that went something like this: "For Sale, reversible topcoat. Student forced by circumstances to sell roommate's coat to buy English books."

—Maryland Old Line.



■ "What d'ya say we call it off? That pacifist across the street is getting all the business!"



■ "... And I went on a cruise to get away from women!"



■ "Listen! I'm not that dumb!!"

### Give Me a Sentence With the Word—

*Nephew*—"Then I says to him, 'Nephew want to fight, come out in the alley'."

*Bailiff*—"Bailiff me, it sure was a tough exam."

*Faro*—"Faro, fair has my little dog gone?"

*Mastadon*—"You mastadon something to make her so mad."

*Shoulder*—"Shoulder acquaintance be forgot."

*Violet*—"Got stung once, that's violet bees alone."

*Infamy*—"I whistled for my dog, but he wouldn't come infamy."

*Contest*—"This drink is so tough, I contest only the liquor."

*Dispose*—"Who is dispose of?"

*Veteran*—"The rain veteran she ran home."

*Currency*—"Put your hands on her, you currency what happens!"

*Fund*—"I take my fund where I find it."

*Economy*—"She won't speak to me economy working in this joint."

*Misuse*—"I misuse terribly."

*Gross*—"My love for her gross stronger everyday."

—Pitt Panther.

### Logic

My landlord sleeps in a béd. And, since beds contain flowers, and flours are made in mills, and mills are run by rivers, which are dammed, so can my landlord be damned!

—N. Y. U. Medley.

### Pome

By JERRY SCOTT

*A serious thought for today,  
Is one that may cause us dismay,  
Just what are the forces  
That bring little horses,  
If all of the horses say "nay"?*

—Idaho Blue Bucket.

Alone in the moonlight is more fun if you aren't.

—Davidson Scripts 'n' Pranks.

### Most Non-College People Believe:

By LAMONTE MINOR

1. That professors wear goatees, and are absent-minded.
2. That football players get \$200 a month and live in luxury.
3. That college women neck or don't have dates.
4. That college men never wear hats, garters or long woolies.
5. That college students drink more than any other group.
6. That fraternity men lie awake at night trying to peek across the alley at neighboring sorority houses.
7. That Hell Week is like the Spanish Inquisition.
8. That college professors give athletes a "break" to keep them eligible.
9. That coaches have protruding jaws, fighting hearts, and give pep talks between duck shoots.

*What makes it so silly, is that they're right.*

—Washington Columna.





■ "No, Mrs. Dilly, for the last time—that's not one of my patients!!!"



# The RUNAROUNDER BY HEYWOOD BROWN



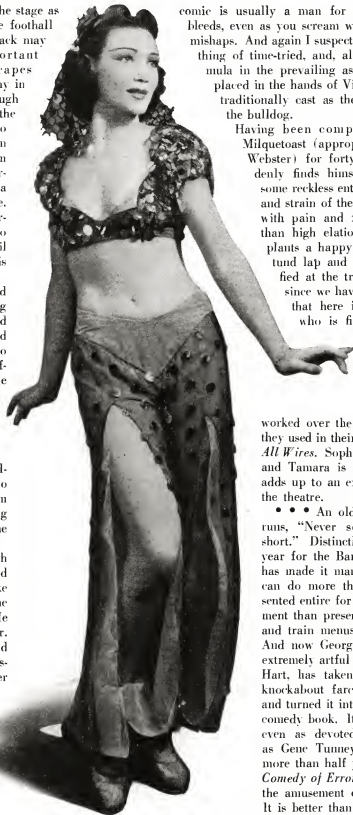
■ . . . Upon the stage as well as on the football field the blocking hack may serve an all-important function which escapes the attention of many in the audience. Although

he does not carry the ball, he makes the long runs possible. A player who comes to my mind is William Gaxton of *Leave It To Me*. In combination with Victor Moore, he has been particularly effective. Mr. Moore is a comedian whose approach is gentle. In picturing the harassed and the perplexed, he must have time in which to turn his humor around. So as a foil there must be someone whose pace is more accelerated.

Once upon a time a director told me that he had despaired of whipping a musical show into shape. "We had cut and cut," he explained. "You could almost say that we had slashed it to the bone, but that might possibly offend the author. At any rate, the blame thing was still half an hour too long, and we were about to leave it on somebody's doorstep in Boston, when a member of the executive group got a bright idea. I was the fortunate fellow. We brought Billy Gaxton into the show, and without changing an additional line, we found our playing time had been reduced by thirty-nine minutes and ten seconds."

It is not that Gaxton races through a rôle, leaving himself and all around him breathless. His gift is more like that of Eddie Arcaro, Nurmî, or the best broadcaster you can think of. He is instinctively a judge of pace. Mr. Gaxton takes up those little lags and lapses which lead the auditor to suspect that the show or the performer is gradually dying.

But having said that much about the member of the cast who does much to set up the touch-down plays, it is well to come back to the familiar subject of the high talent of Victor Moore. It is scarcely a new observation to mark the fact that the most appealing



■ Betty Bruce plays the siren as "The Boys From Syracuse" race through Shakespeare.

comic is usually a man for whom your heart bleeds, even as you scream with laughter at his mishaps. And again I suspect that there is something of time-tried, and, also, legitimate, formula in the prevailing assignment which is placed in the hands of Victor Moore. He is traditionally cast as the rabbit who bites the bulldog.

Having been completely a Casper Milquetoast (appropriate bows to Mr. Webster) for forty minutes, he suddenly finds himself engaged upon some reckless enterprise. The stress and strain of the adventure fill him with pain and forebodings rather than high elation, but the author plants a happy ending in the round lap and we go home satisfied at the triumph of the sap. Since we have reason to believe that here is success for one who is first cousin to ourselves and all the world.

• • • The Spewacks, Samuel and Bellâ, have

worked over the excellent material they used in their Soviet farce *Clear All Wires*. Sophie Tucker is ribald, and Tamara is sentimental. It all adds up to an excellent evening in the theatre.

• • • An old showman's adage runs, "Never sell Shakespeare short." Distinctly this is a boom year for the Bard. Maurice Evans has made it manifest that the poet can do more than get by, if presented entire for a longer entertainment than present dinner schedules and train menus make convenient. And now George Abbott, with the extremely artful aid of Rodgers and Hart, has taken one of the most knockabout farces of Shakespeare and turned it into a superb musical comedy book. It is my notion that even as devoted a Shakespearean as Gene Tunney has always been more than half persuaded that *The Comedy of Errors* was designed for the amusement of the groundlings. It is better than that after Richard Rodgers has contributed one of his loveliest scores and Lawrence Hart has given (Continued on page 49)



■ "You're holding a few of my wives for shoplifting—I'd like to bail out the tall blonde."

# MAN ABOUT THE

# Campus

**CORRECT TYPE OF  
A PLEASANT**

**CLOTHES LEAVES  
IMPRINT ON OBSERVERS**

■ There must be quite a number of men in these here now United States who really think that the way they dress is completely unimportant. For instance, the letter in the January issue of *COLLEGE HUMOR* from Mr. Sam Michal, who perorates his remarks on style writers in general and me in particular with: "Why worry about clothes—as long as you're neat and clean?"

I get a lot of letters and comment like that. Many of them make the same point as Mr. Michal that some famous figures have rated down low in the sartorial scale. One thinks, of course, of Mr. Broun, whose genial and alert comment on the theatre on page 39 is only one of his many activities. Mr. Broun's clothes are notorious for their ability to survive without attention. Then, of course, Mr. George Bernard Shaw's traditional jacket and breeches were recently termed "appalling" by one of his countrymen. Mr. Shaw has denied the hard impeachment, and suggested that his tailors file suit (no pun), but we can accept him as another example of the great man careless of the niceties of dress.

But just because Beethoven was deaf is no reason that an aspiring young symphonist should stuff cotton in his ears when composing. There have been great lexicographers without the acidulous disposition of Dr. Sam Johnson. Nor do you need a wart on your face to follow the kindly pattern of Abe Lincoln.

If Broun, Shaw, et al., manage to get along without dressing to the nines, it is only an extra tribute to their talents. But don't let's get too far afield. My claim for good dressing is three-fold: (1) a good appearance leaves

**BY DENNIS THORNE**

a pleasant impression on the people you encounter, whether in a social way or in business; (2) the sense of being well-dressed gives you more assurance, and (3) *not* being well-dressed creates a bad impression and diminishes your self-assurance. No. 3 is the converse of the other two, of course.

For a few short ones to Mr. Michal's jaw and kidneys: the difference between dressing well and dressing poorly is only the difference between exercising good taste and no taste at all. It is not a question of how much money you can spend on your wardrobe. It is only a question of how to spend what you do spend. When you pick out that "conventional bodily cover" (Mr. Michal's phrase) it may take more time, but not more money, to choose it according to style and taste, rather than grab-bag expediency.

And finally, I do not contend that clothes are the main thing. Of course, they are purely auxiliary. They can only serve as an accent to your personality. But for what they are, they can serve better chosen my way than Mr. Michal's. ■

## THE WELL-DRESSED NORTHERN COLLEGE MAN SKIS

■ . . . and he chooses an outfit with no superfluous doodads or "pretty touches." His trousers are worsted gabardine, water-resistant, cut in "instructor" style, with taper from knees to ankles. Note that boots fit over trousers. His jacket slide-fastens at side—it's cotton poplin. He wears a simple woolen tie with dark flannel shirt. His hands are covered by wool mittens, over which he has placed a pair of "shells," made of cotton gabardine or poplin to match jacket, and with leather palms.





■ "The gentleman says it's important, Miss."

# PERFECT LADY

BY ISABELLA TAVES

## RIGHT MAKE-UP GIVES SKIN DOWNY FEELING

■ There had been a time, before Spud had become a fashionable football uproar, that Claire would have gone right to the telephone and called him. Just like that. But now, with half the campus panting after him, it was different. Claire shuddered. And Kit Kelly, one of the nicest girls in the sorority, as well as the slickest, saw her.

"How about a blind date for the movies tonight, Claire?"

Claire hesitated. Of course she was a fool but—"I—I ought to stay home and struggle with trig. It confuses me."

Kit shrugged. "You're a little idiot to wait home when you could be out fascinating. As a matter of fact, Spud asked me for a date tonight."

"He—oh, I wouldn't go on a blind date with him in the party."

"That isn't part of the plot. I'm not going out with Spud. His head's gotten a little too big for his body, dear. The person I am thinking about is you, you poor little dumb animal. You're never going to get that man if you stay home and lean on the telephone."

"But I—"

"I know. You're just a sweet dear wholesome girl. You play championship tennis, and all the old folks wish their daughters were as unspoiled. But it's no act to enchant a bedazzled hero like Spud."

"You talk as if I—"

"Listen, dear, the robust athletic girl is as dead as the glamour queen. Today it's the perfect lady who wears perfume behind the ears, and hats with feathers on them; who remembers to put polish on her nails, and cream on her hands, and who isn't just one of the boys."

"But I never could be like that!"

"Yes, you could. Do you think I would bother with you if you weren't good material?"

Claire walked over and looked at herself in the mirror.

"And you can't do with just powder and lipstick these days," Kit went on. "I use more make-up than I ever have in



Franklin Simon; New York

my life, yet I look less made-up. Because I wear my hair brushed high on the front of my head and a lot of cheek is exposed, I use a finished lotion all over my face and then liquid rouge. I like liquid rouge because it looks more natural, but with unsophisticated gals like you, dry rouge is better.

Then I have a shade of powder which just blends with my skin. I put it on with a white lamb's wool puff—pat it on thickly, and brush it off with a little baby's brush. I don't use eye-shadow any more, and I've let my eyebrows grow in again. I just pluck them above the eye to give a clean, innocent line."

Claire pulled her own auburn hair up off her ears. It made a surprising difference. "I knew I couldn't wear it up all the way around, but I might manage this. It changes me a lot!"

"That's exactly the stuff. Part of the fun of this business is that you feel like a different person. Next, you want some new clothes. Hair is up, shoulders are wider than ever—most of them are padded so they jut out—and skirts are wide and short. I saw a little suit which would be darling on you."

"Oh, I couldn't start out with anything extreme!"

"It isn't extreme. It has a little fitted jacket, with no belt, that buttons down just over your hips, giving you that new long waistline for spring; a waistline that doesn't make you look like a sack of meal because it's fitted. Then the skirt is wide and pleated. Wear it short, and get nice sheer stockings and a neat little pair of shoes—none of those  
(Continued on page 48)

■ Date dress with nipped-in waist and full pleated skirt. The new flat neckline will take your smart, chunky jewelry like a lamb. \$16.95.



# MENTAL MERRY GO ROUND

BY LAURENCE E. TILLEY

■ On the second Tuesday of last November—Election Day—when this was written, the Rooseveltian New Deal was meeting its Supreme Test. By now, you all know the results of the administration's heroic battle for vindication. Our quiz, this issue, is not a Supreme Test, but it is a superior one, and you can get the results immediately by turning to page 49.

## I LOVE YOU

(Par: 6)

Here is that volatile, backfiring comment, "I love you," translated into ten languages. What languages?

- |                          |                     |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Ani Ohev Osoch        | 6. Ich liebe dich   |
| 2. Je t'aime             | 7. La Vas Lioubliou |
| 3. Sas Agapo             | 8. Ti Amo           |
| 4. Nui Kouou Aloha No Oe | 9. Kocham Cie       |
| 5. Te quiero             | 10. Ik Bemim U      |

## PHONY TWENTY

SUGGESTED BY TRUMAN INGRAM

(Par: 5 min.)

Little Leo, the big dip, bounces into Butch's Bootery, and yelps, "Gimme a pair of shoes, and be damn quick about it." He picks himself a pair of \$6 brogues and gives Butch a \$20 bill.

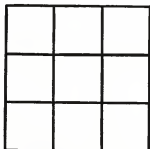
"Oop!" says Butch. "No can change. One minute, please."

Butch runs across the street and gets the Original Sam Saltounstall to change the twenty; comes back, gives Leo the shoes and \$14 change. Then he puts \$6 in his cash register. Leo takes a quick powder.

Five minutes later, in rumps the Original Sam, tearing his hair with one hand and screaming at the top of his voice with the other. "You crook! You counterfitter. This is a phony twenty. I want my money."

"Alackaday," mourns Butch, biting a corner of the twenty, "it's a phony all right. And I paid 85¢ for those shoes wholesale."

So Butch gives Sam back twenty dollars in good money. How much did Butch lose?



## THE NUMBERS GAME

(Par: 15 min.)

Fill in the squares with numbers from 1 through 9, using each digit only once. The three digits in each horizontal line should add up to 15.

The sum of these numbers added in the usual way is 1782.

1782

## DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THESE

(Par: 48)

How do your ideas correlate? In each problem are two groups of words or phrases. One of the five in the numbered list should associate itself with one of the lettered words. Write the appropriate number in the space allowed. Thus:

1. Cow 2. Dog 3. Cat 4. Mule  
5. Horse

- a. Hee Haw ..... 4  
b. Neigh ..... 5  
c. Moo ..... 1

- (A) 1. Belshazzar 2. Jacob 3. Noah  
4. Moses 5. Joseph

- a. Gaudy topcoat .....  
b. Bullrush bassinet .....  
c. Goatskin gloves ..... 1

- (B) 1. Bizet 2. Biped 3. Bigot  
4. Binet 5. Bigwig

- a. Opera .....  
b. I. Q. ....  
c. Big shot ..... 1

- (C) 1. Soldier 2. Careless pedestrian  
3. Donkey 4. Fishplate 5. Long word

- a. Jamboree .....  
b. Jaywalker .....  
c. Jayhawker ..... 1

- (D) 1. Oops 2. Bull 3. Nuts  
4. Cherchez 5. Baloney

- a. La femme .....  
b. China shop .....  
c. To you ..... 1

- (E) 1. Sophocles 2. Socrates  
3. Alcibiades 4. Diogenes

5. Androcles  
a. Lantern .....  
b. Lion .....  
c. Hemlock ..... 1

- (F) 1. Fourscore 2. Twenty-three  
3. Fifty-four forty 4. Ninety-nine

5. Fifty-seven  
a. Varieties .....  
b. Seven .....  
c. 44/100% pure ..... 1

- (G) 1. Mess 2. Messiah 3. Messina  
4. Mesopotamia 5. Metamorphosis

- a. Food .....  
b. Change .....  
c. Savior ..... 1

- (H) 1. Thomas Gainsborough  
2. Martha Raye 3. Oliver LaFarge

4. Joe Louis 5. Frances Perkins  
a. Laughing Boy .....  
b. Blue Boy .....  
c. Oh Boy ..... 1

- (I) 1. Tippecanoe 2. Old Hickory  
3. Black Jack 4. Old Ironsides

5. Cactus Jack  
a. Jackson .....  
b. Pershing .....  
c. Garner ..... 1

- (J) 1. Tooth 2. Eye 3. Face  
4. Nose 5. Ear

a. Pan  
b. Schnozzle  
c. Lamp

- (K) 1. Cheltenham 2. Cheddar  
3. Cheyenne 4. Chevron 5. Chateau

a. Cheese  
b. Type face  
c. Castle

- (L) 1. Albania 2. Madagascar  
3. Lena 4. Odessa 5. Himalaya

a. River  
b. Island  
c. City

- (M) 1. Gene Krupa 2. Red Norvo  
3. Art Shaw 4. Tom Dorsey  
5. Fats Waller

a. Wood pile  
b. Licorice stick  
c. Grunt iron

- (N) 1. Rosie 2. Rose 3. Billy  
4. Roses 5. Abie's

a. Rose  
b. O'Grady  
c. Irish Rose

- (O) 1. Alben W. Barkley  
2. Henry A. Wallace  
3. Ellison D. Smith  
4. Millard E. Tydings  
5. J. Edgar Hoover

a. Cotton Ed.  
b. F.B.I.  
c. Kentucky

- (P) 1. Lucky Strike 2. Old Gold  
3. Chesterfield 4. Camel  
5. Philip Morris

a. They Satisfy  
b. They're Toasted  
c. Get a Lift

- (Q) 1. Pontiac 2. DeSoto  
3. Lincoln 4. Packard  
5. Studebaker

a. Ford  
b. Chrysler  
c. General Motors

- (R) 1. Fairbanks Morse  
2. Johns-Manville  
3. Devoe & Raynolds  
4. Parke Davis 5. Crane

a. Roofing  
b. Plumbing  
c. Paint

- (S) 1. Calf 2. Deer 3. Rabbit  
4. Sheep 5. Hog

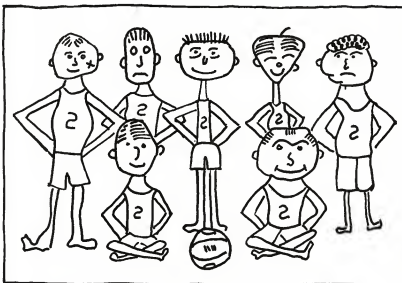
a. Venison  
b. Veal  
c. Mutton

- (T) 1. Santa Anita  
2. Churchill Downs  
3. Pimlico 5. Hialeah

a. Baltimore  
b. Miami  
c. Louisville

## TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!!

(Par: 8 min.)



Standing: \_\_\_\_\_

Seated: \_\_\_\_\_

This, boys and girls, is a portrait of the invincible basketball team at dear old Swizzle State. Sterling chaps, really. Knowing the following facts, identify each of the boys by name, and determine how many points each has scored. Then complete the caption of the picture, giving names and points scored by each man.

Brutus Burple and Paleolithic Jones love the same blonde and always stay as far away from each other as possible.

Lucius Brainfag, who has scored 19 points, is standing behind Oysterface Anderson.

Low man has scored 9 points.

The dashing hero standing third from the left has scored twice as many points as Paleolithic Jones.

The sad-faced Alligator Crunch has scored 1 point more than Jeremiah Hotfoot.

Somewhere in the picture is a fearless fellow named Sylvester Scarecrow.

To find Brutus Burple's score, multiply Oysterface Anderson's score by 4 and subtract 4.

Jeremiah Hotfoot has made 4 points more than the lowest scorer on the team.

Two men are standing between Paleolithic Jones and Alligator Crunch.

Sylvester Scarecrow has scored 23 points more than Lucius Brainfag.

Paleolithic Jones has curly hair.

Oysterface Anderson, lowest scorer, is seated.

Jeremiah Hotfoot hides all of Alligator Crunch except his torso.

## PUNAROUND

(Par: 2)

Fill in the blank spaces in each verse with words that sound alike but are spelled differently. Such as: *bear, bare*.

1. The \_\_\_\_\_ boy \_\_\_\_\_ his rashness. Why?

His victim socked him in the eye.

2. A girlie rare is Dottie Dare.

She gave an \_\_\_\_\_ the good fresh \_\_\_\_\_.

3. If a girl can wave one of her \_\_\_\_\_ in the air,

It's a \_\_\_\_\_ known as can-can, quite devil-may-care.

window-pane—a desperate fly that can't get away and doesn't know where the swatter is coming from next.

"I looked away, because I did not care very much about seeing that sort of riding, not on that horse, and I was moving off to be busy, when this kid, Johnny Hatteras, he caught hold of my arm, and his voice wasn't quiet and polite any more.

"Look here," he said, throwing the words at me, 'you ought to know better than to put a fellow like that on that horse. He'll ruin him. You—' and I swung around quick, seeing red.

"Listen," I rasped, 'I'm running this stable, and I'll say who'll ride what, and I don't ask for any advice from the likes of you. You've got what you paid for and that's all there is to it for you. You hear?'—my face like a beet, I guess, the way it gets. For a minute, the kid just stood there looking at me, and I honestly thought he might even go so far as to take a clip at me. It was there in his face, for a flash, and then it faded.

"He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out two crumpled bills. 'Here you are,' he said, his voice short, and I took it, and slumped off to the barns, hopping mad.

"And then, of course, my daughter Marty came in, and she sensed something wrong, the way women do, and peered around, and then she said, 'Where's the Bamboo?' That's what we called the bay. "He's out," I said. 'Nobby Harlan's riding him. Give me that halter.' But she didn't give me the halter.

"Nobby Harlan? Why—' and just then into the yard came Nobby Harlan on the golden bay.

"Only he didn't look very golden, the bay didn't, not just then. He was drenched and dripping from head to tail, and it wasn't a hot day; and he just stood there with his head out and down a little, the way a horse will do that's all in, and Nobby Harlan slid off him.

"Swell horse," he said. 'Plenty of life!' and my daughter Marty gave a little snort, and walked away quick towards the house, and I called a swipe.

"Here," I said, 'walk that horse around for an hour and cool him off easy,' and Nobby Harlan turned after Marty. 'Hey,' he said. But she didn't stop; and he looked at me. 'Now, what's the matter with her?' he asked, mystified; and I didn't say anything, not quite trusting myself to, and just shrugging it off.

"When I went in for lunch, Marty put it on the table with a considerable clatter, and then she stood there with her hands on where her hips would have been if she had any."

"Clip," she said, 'are you going to let Nobby Harlan keep on riding the Bamboo?' and I took on a kind of earned beef.

"Sure, I am," I said, reaching for the mustard. 'Why shouldn't I? He pays for it, don't he?' and Marty just kept standing there looking at me, as if she could not quite make out was I kidding or not.

"And then she said, 'If you do—' her lips tight—"If you do, I'll—" and I said, 'You'll do what?' sharp-like, because she was still my daughter, even if she was almost twenty-one.

"She didn't answer me for a minute. In fact, she only made a little start at it, and then she stopped and turned away, and for the rest of the meal she was, oh, very polite and cool and went around with her face as blank as a barn door and treating me as if I were just somebody billeted there till the house troops could run us out. A foreigner in my own house—that's what I was.

"But I let her alone, thinking she'd get over it by morning.

"But she did not get over it, not for the next two weeks, with Nobby Harlan giving the bay what he claimed was a ride every day, and Marty not even seeing me under foot. She ran the house all right enough, the way she did always; and every evening, almost, she would go down and get the bay and take him out for an hour or two, and still not have a word for me when she came back.

"And there was something going on around, too, I could sense that. Even the swipes were looking at me sort of cock-eyed, or so I imagined, so I fired the best one I ever had of those, and just dug myself in. I could be as stubborn as any of 'em.

"And then, at the end of that second week, Nobby Harlan came up to me, and with no warning at all, he said, 'Clip,' he said, 'I think I'll buy that bay of yours.' That gave me a start, that did. That was sort of closing the class—all definite and final. I tried to hedge.

"You don't want a horse like that, Nobby," I said. 'You want an easy ride; one you can relax on.' He shook his head.

"No," he said, looking over to where my daughter Marty was bustling up a reducing pupil, and making his voice a bit louder, 'no, the bay's the kind of ride I like.' And then I got it. He'd show Marty Grady he could handle a good horse. That was the bright idea.

"No," I said slowly, 'I don't think I'll be selling the bay,' and he looked at me quick, frowning. 'Then be shrugged.

"That's all over," he said. 'I'll be sound tomorrow, not dropping the carry of his voice—and I'll give you five hundred for him. Think about that, too; and off he went.

"Well, sir, I'd paid two-fifty for the bay, and here was a hundred percent profit and a board bill for a while, anyway. Good business. 'What,' I said to myself, 'is horse. A horse, Clip Grady, is a side of beef in a store. Sell it before it spoils. Get your profit and keep your band off the scales. You're in business.' I told myself that all evening and through a good bit of the night. There was only one thing that might have swayed me, but Marty kept further away from me than a hunt from barbed wire. So I decided.

"He's yours," I said, very short, to Nobby Harlan, the next morning. Sunday it was; and he said, 'Swell, Clip,' I'll send you a check tomorrow. And he'll get a good home, too. I'll see to that,' sounding as if he meant it.

"I got up early the next morning. Early, before anybody else. I wasn't sleeping so good these past few days, and I went on down to the barns, all shadowy dark they were then, and up to the bay's stall, looking for his white face; and it wasn't there. I snapped on the lights quick, and the stall was empty—blank empty, with the shavings deep and white and the horses snorting and snuffling on either side. The bay was gone.

"For a minute, maybe two, I just stood there frozen, the way you will, and then I moved. I was up the stairs to the little hole off the tack room where my night man slept, and I shook him out of bed, his eyes as white as snowballs in his black face.

"Where's the bay?" I said. 'Where's the Bamboo? Where did you put him last night? Come on, wake up!' shaking him till he rattled and stuttered, 'Ah—ah—I don't know, boss. A din' put him nowhere; 'jus' where he always usually is, tho' all. Ah, din'—' and I said, 'Well, he isn't there

now. Where is he?' and we clattered down the stairs again, frightening the new stock.

"And then, quick like that, I had an idea, and I turned and went up to the house on the run almost. A sure fire idea; it couldn't miss. I knew the answer.

"Marty was asleep still, her red hair swirled against the pillow, like a splash of leaves against the first snow; and I hated to waken her. But I did; and she awakened pretty quick.

"Marty," I said, 'straight the bay?' and she looked at me, 'where's-eyed, but without any expression whatever on her face.

"I don't know," she said. 'I don't know where he is,' without asking why or seeming surprised or anything. Just answering my question.

"Well," I said, sharp-like, 'he's gone, and I think you know where he's gone, and you're going to tell me. And right now, too.' But all she would do was a little shrug and a raise of her eyebrows. "I don't know where he is," she said.

"All right," I said, clipping the words, 'if you won't help me, there is those who will,' and I found my hat and coat and roared myself halfway down to police headquarters before I stopped.

"Grady," I said to myself, 'take it easy and don't be more of a fool than you have to. Call in the police and the papers will get it, and you will be laughed out of business—having a horse stolen these days. Besides, Marty is in this somewhere, or I am on the wrong lead, and if she is, well, you handle it yourself for a while, and don't go calling in outsiders. Not yet awhile, anyway.'

"So, that back, and there was certainly something funny going on, with all the swipes and stable boys standing around and not talking when I came near, their eyes big and wide; and Marty nowhere to be seen.

"She had gone off somewhere in her roaster, they tell me, and I have a cup of coffee and a whole lot of work, and the yard but Nobby Harlan. One of the boys says something to him. I see that through the window—and then Harlan comes loping it up to the house.

"That horse is still yours, Clip," he says, very worried. "No money passed between us—remember that. If he's gone, it's your loss," and I looked at him wanting very much to sink an inch or two into him.

"That is right," I said, keeping myself down. 'It is my loss, all right,' and then, not keeping myself down any longer, 'but I would not be surprised if you had bid him away somewhere yourself, just so you would not have to ride him. In fact, the more I think of it, the more likely that shames up to be—'

"And Nobby Harlan blustered, 'What do you mean?' and I sat down again. 'Oh, get out of here,' I said, suddenly very weary. 'Scram! I have other things on my mind.' He was wise, and off he went.

"Nothing happened those next two days. Nothing, except that I kept a pretty close eye on my daughter Marty and got nowhere doing it. She didn't say scarcely a word to me all that time, acting as if nothing unusual had happened, but worried just the same. I could tell that; I was sure of it.

"And then, on the third day, I got a little wise. I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before; and I got into my car and drove around the country all day, asking all few farmers had they had any calls for small amounts of horse feed. And along about six o'clock I struck something.

"Why, yes," this fellow says, 'yes, I have, come to think of it. A young fellow come

In here three days ago and buys one bale of hay and fifty pounds of mixed grain, and I have to deliver it to him out in the woods because he has no car. And a long haul it was. He—" and I said, "What did this young fellow look like?" because all at once I began to see the light.

"He was darkish," the feed man says, "and slight built, but quite a husky young fellow. He hefted—" and I cut him off.

"Where did you deliver to?" I said, and he told me the best he could, and off I went, leaving him gaping after me.

"Well, I found the place. One of those little stuck-away farms it was, off on a back road. I parked my car and was going around the corner of the barn, soft-like, when I stopped, all of a sudden, because there was another car parked up close—a car I knew.

"And then I went on in, and there they were. All three of them were standing in a big box stall, my daughter Marty and this young fellow, Johnny Hatteras, and, of course, the bay. And they looked at me, not making a noise, any of them, and then the bay he went on eating his hay as if everything was all right and everybody happy, and I opened the stall door.

"All right," I said, "just what is the meaning of all this? What—" and my daughter Marty started to say something, and then Johnny Hatteras stepped up. He was not scared, I will say that for him.

"This is my affair, Mr. Grady," he said, "all mine, and Marty did not have a thing to do with it. She was against it from the start—from the day I first thought of it out there on the bridle paths." He hesitated, giving me a quick glance.

"I—I'd gone out there hoping," he continued, "hoping, in the beginning, anyway, that maybe I'd catch a sight of the bay. I wanted to see him again, that was why I went; and Marty was riding him and that was how I happened to see her." He hesitated again, as if I might not understand that, but I kept quiet.

"Then, 'It was a crazy thing to do, taking him,' he went on, 'I will admit that now. Crazy and foolish and—and just plain stealing, I suppose. Pretty stupid stealing at that. If I'd thought, really, I probably never would have done it. But I didn't stop to think. I—I just went a little hay-wire, I guess,' and he stopped again, with nobody saying a word, until I said, 'Just what was the idea, not really so much mad now as wanting to know.'

"And Johnny Hatteras looked at Marty and she looked at him, and then she said, 'Go ahead and tell him, Johnny,' and he did. He took a deep breath and faced me a little more, and told me.

"Mr. Grady," he said, "my father ran a riding school. A good many hundred miles from here it was, but pretty much like the one you run. Very much like it, except for one thing. I guess it was because he had too much sentiment, perhaps you might call it, and he—well, he simply couldn't hear to see his horses ridden by just anybody. And so he got to turning away trade, trade he needed, too, until finally—well, they closed him up. They sold him out, the feed stores and the bank and what not. They had an auction sale, and everything went—horses and tack and everything, under the hammer, and nothing saved out, nothing we could afford to save."

"The kid stopped for a second, and his eyes went back to the bay, munching his hay so contented-like. 'This horse was one of them,' he went on, finally, with me watching his eyes, 'I—I'd trained this horse, worked with him, and cared for him, and—well, I was pretty fond of him. But,' his hand going out easy-like to behind the bay's ears, 'but there was nothing much I could do about it. Not until I'd got my father set with relatives, and then

—well, then I started out, figuring maybe I'd find him somewhere.

"I got myself a job in a saddlery shop in town," he went on. "The fellow who owns it owns this place here, too, so I could eat, and maybe afford a ride on the bay once in a while. And then, then you put that clump on him, and I couldn't stand that. I knew what that would do to a horse like this one. And when Marty told me, finally, that you were going to sell him—well, that was too much. I had to do something. For him and for myself and—for Marty, too, because she felt the same way about him. And so, hesitating, I took him. I figured perhaps if you had a chance to think it over, you might change your mind. Or that I could manage to buy him. I guess I didn't know, really, what I figured. I just did it. I—I sort of had to."

"The kid stopped there, not knowing what to say, I guess; not knowing just what the next move was. For minutes none of us spoke. Then I said something. 'Johnny,' I said, clearing my throat of straw dust, 'Johnny, I have a hunch that bay'll stick right where he belongs—out at my place. And I'll ride him some, and Marty here, she'll ride him, and you can

come out any day you want and ride him as long as you want, and it won't cost you a cent, not a cent it won't. You hear?"

"And they heard all right, I guess, both of them, but they didn't say a word, until Marty she came over and stood beside me and put her arm through mine, close-like. 'You see, Johnny,' she said, 'he has a heart. I told you so,' and that, well that made it all right for me. I didn't care about anything else then."

Mr. Grady paused for a minute, and the suspicion of a smile creased the set slit of his jaw once more. "No," he said, and his eyes went out over across the meadows to where two horses were coming up, one a golden bay gleaming in the sunlight, "no," said Mr. Grady, "as a general rule, sentiment don't count. But," and the grin gave way and broke wide, crinkling the blue eyes, "but there is times when maybe it don't work out so bad." Mr. Grady got up.

"Come on over here," he said. "I want you should meet my partner and son-in-law, Johnny Hatteras, and my daughter Marty. He's got funny ideas about teaching people to ride—kids especially. And, do you know it, they don't seem to be working out so bad, either." ■

## two-bit special

from page 20

Smitty drove off from Edith's house with a great sigh. "I'll never see her again."

"The Dean of Women should do something about people like Edith," I asserted. "She can't," Kathie reminded. "Edith's not on campus."

"She's in a beauty shop," said Smitty.

"It's a large shop," said Kathie.

"Seven girls," I said, yawning sleepily.

Smitty let me out at Kathie's place.

"Good night, chum," I said.

"So long, pal," Kathie called to him.

Smitty grinned. "I've got friends again! It's wonderful. I ought to phone Tod."

"I would," I said. It was one o'clock, a grand time to phone a true friend. ■



■ "But I told you distinctly to bring a friend for Doris!"

# LETTERS...

## Heil, Hitler!!!

Sir: What the *Strength Through Joy* story seeks to prove is of secondary interest. What it proves primarily is that Heinz Liepmann is the chap with the dirty mind, and has successfully used your magazine as a vehicle (heavy on the hick) in the very busy assault on the German citadel.

The legal facts in this case may all be true, but the assumption that the entire S. T. J. movement is being used as a house of prostitution is of course silly. What comes nearer to the truth is this: that a way is sincerely being sought to interest young people in the problems and geography of their country, give people a vacation who never were able to think of such a thing.

The whole story is no credit to your magazine, unless it is your business to pander to the tastes which the article inferentially condones.

Your magazine was better liked when it was a breezy resumé of the college publications—full of jokes throughout which were bright and witty. Almost every joke now, and picture and illustration, is printed on the assumption that smut will bring you wealth. I doubt it.

GRAD STUDENT.

Harvard College,  
Cambridge, Mass.

[Ed. Note: Anonymous letters ordinarily do not rate publication. This masterpiece

of vituperation, however, was too good to ignore.]

## Truly Distinctive

Sir: Permit me to express my enthusiastic and whole-hearted approval of that swell piece by Heinz Liepmann, entitled *Strength Through Joy*, which appears in your January, 1939, issue.

More power to COLLEGE HUMOR for publishing such material as this. It is outstanding, truly distinctive, and gives COLLEGE HUMOR a distinction the usual run of contributions do not have, by comparison.

Best wishes to Dr. Liepmann, whoever and wherever he is, and to you, for publishing such a masterly exposé of the Nazis as this.

JOSEPH LICHTBLAU.

New York City, N. Y.

## Please, Miss Hemingway!

Sir: We have had many arguments concerning the national standing of sororities and have agreed to let your judgment decide. However, you be kind enough to send me a list of the ten or fifteen sororities that you consider the best nationally in order of their rating?

CAROLYN EVANS.

Risley Hall, Cornell University,  
Ithaca, N. Y.

## perfect lady

campus oxfords—and a pillbox hat. And go back to a sheer linen blouse with frills and white gloves. You have no idea what a difference it will make in your mental attitude."

"Why—why I might?"

"Of course, you might. Then, after you have gotten used to that, you can finish evening dress for Spring Formal, to finish

the picture. Get one of the new hoop skirts—it's amazing what they do for a girl. And have it in plaid taffeta, or in the new heavy nets—and without shoulder straps, because that is part of your act."

"Why—you know, I think I could!"

"Of course, you could. Didn't I say you were good material? You aren't bad-looking, and you have a decent figure."

## free for all-America

every time I turned around this year, there were three guys dangling by their toes from both my ears shouting, "Hill for center!" After all, you can stand only so much of this sort of thing.

Error: All of which is faintly amusing, my fine feathered chatterbox, but while those acrobats were performing hip-ups on the rims of your ears what did they tell you about Hill?

WILLIAMS: Only that he was about the most valuable man on the team. That he wanted to play every minute. That he was tremendous on defense against both running plays and passes. That he never made a bad snap-back all year. And, in passing, may I ask, what the Hill more do you want of a center?

Error: All right, we'll take Hill for center. Now let's get on with this. The best quarterback of the year?

WILLIAMS: Either O'Brien of Texas Christian was the best quarterback or he and the best press agent. Certainly he has been the most widely publicized individual of the '38 season. It got so they kept standing heels in the composing rooms to use each Sunday morning. "O'Brien's passes win for T. C. U." Never had to change 'em all season, either, because O'Brien's passes were always winning for the Christians.

Error: Yes, I know all about O'Brien's passing, but how about Carnelly of Carnegie Tech, Sitko of Notre Dame, and Lansdel of Southern California? They

tell me Carnelly practically made Tech, and that Sitko never missed a bet all year.

WILLIAMS: You don't mean to tell me that Sitko—pardon me—Sitko bet against War Admiral? Anyhow, all I know is that O'Brien was the headline figure in every game TCU won, and it appears that's all you have to do to make any all-American team.

Error: We'll take O'Brien rather than have a conflict with tradition. Now how about the halfbacks?

WILLIAMS: Well, that's like taking a roll-call of Democrats in Mississippi. (Say, that line's practically an inspiration!) Hall of Mississippi is one of the best backs in the country. Another is MacLeod of Dartmouth. Take those two and don't argue about them, because if you do we'll be around here all winter. Hall and MacLeod for the halves, how about it?

Error: It seems to me I've heard a lot about Cage of Tennessee?

WILLIAMS: Correct. He'll be on a lot of all-teams, and maybe he ought to be on this one. But the information I get on him, from men who played against him and rival coaches, says he doesn't belong. Just a fair passer and just a fair punter. That's not good enough.

Error: Well, there were a lot of other fine backs: Luckman of Columbia, Washington of UCLA, Cassano and Stebbins of Pittsburgh, Bottari of California, Pingel of Michigan State, Bruck of Pur-

## Frosh Nicknames

Sir:

In reading your *Letters* column I came across the first letter, from Warner Brothers, concerning the names given to frosh at different colleges throughout the country. I would like to submit the name we give to frosh at Massachusetts State College. Here we call them "Joekies." (Quite a name, but quite appropriate!)

Best of luck to COLLEGE HUMOR from the Kappa Sigis!

JOHN F. GLUCK, President.

Kappa Sigma Fraternity,  
Mass. State College, Amherst, Mass.

Sir:

Mr. Lissauer of Warner Bros. might be interested in the name applied to freshmen at Lake Forest College in Lake Forest, Ill. The yearlings are referred to individually and collectively as "Scum."

R. W. M., '40.

Sau Luis Obispo, Calif.

Sir:

In response to Herman Lissauer's request, I volunteer the following information: At Louisiana State University, freshmen are called "Dogs." There is no serious luzzing done here (we have an R.O.T.C. unit which controls it), but amusing and sporting actions of all types are practiced here. Among these are cutting of the freshmen's hair, singing of the Alma Mammay, and the lute for Tulane, our traditional rival.

JOHN SIMMONS.

Louisiana State University,  
University, La.

## from page 43

Suddenly a voice called: "Cla—er! Telephone! He says to make it snappy!" Claire jumped up. "It's Spud. He always says that. Oh . . ."

Kit grabbed her arm. Then she laughed and dropped her hand. "All right. But you'd better tell him you have a date tonight. And when you're on the phone—just for fun—try being a lady." ■

## from page 31

due, Harmon of Michigan, Brunner of Tulane, Bradford of Alabama, Christman of Missouri—fellows like that.

WILLIAMS: You haven't named a tenth of them, chum. But, to repeat, there can be only two halfbacks. So you either take Hall and MacLeod or you take vanilla. I admit I'm just guessing, and at that I'm pretty safe. Nobody can prove my guys aren't better than theirs, not even bushy J. Edgar Hoover.

Error: I'm afraid we aren't making this very Walter Campish. I'd like COLLEGE HUMOR to be terribly authoritative on this subject, and you're not much help.

WILLIAMS: Don't break down and weep, sister. You might just as well try to make it authoritative on why the amorous male bee dies after his first date under a rose leaf. Who cares? You need one more guy—a fullback. Do you want him?

Error (mournfully): Must we have him?

WILLIAMS: Goldberg of Pittsburgh. The best blocker in football. Chopped over from halfback, had to learn new assignments in a short time, mastered 'em all, and, on the word of his coach, Jock Sutherland, usually restrained in praise, is a better fullback than a halfback. He was unanimous all-America choice at half-back last year. I also want to tell you about some other splendid fullbacks, Weiss of Wisconsin, O'Mara of Duke, McLaughry of Brown and—

Error: Please! I've heard enough! ■



## the runaround

aid and comfort to the dead poet by adding some extremely agile modern lyrics.

... This has been a good year for musicians, after a somewhat uncertain start. *The Girl From Wyoming* ought to be mentioned as a show which is calculated to drive away dull care. But any complete appraisal must be conditioned by a frank investigation as to whether the critic in question speaks chiefly of the comedians or the cocktailers. There can be truth in wine, but also a superabundance of enthusiasm.

I saw *The Girl From Wyoming* hack in the days when I was a drinking man myself. This is no confession of any particularly purple evening at a play. On the whole, I was more moderate than most of my fellows in the audience. (P.S. Please note the fact that I caught the charade after its premier, and I have no intention of reflecting on the personal habits of the critics, who are at best a sober crew.) The notion which I have in mind is the impression that on one particular evening the volunteer performers were less skilful than the professional mimes.

... As far as books go, novels have been scarce. Only two recent ones have

interested me very much. One is *The Summer Soldier* by Leanne Zugsmith, which is exciting, though, I warn you, serious-minded. It concerns a fact-finding commission from the north which comes down to a Southern industrial town and takes a terrible shelling from a mob. Call it serious-minded or not, it moves along like an adventure story, and it kept me up all night.

... *Wait Until Spring, Bandini* by John Fante is grave and gay and very much on the human side. Mr. Fante has written about some Italian-Americans living in Colorado. As you may guess, they don't get along very well, and yet they manage to have quite a good time in not doing it.

... Carl Van Doren has done a big, scholarly but highly readable biography of Benjamin Franklin.

... Robert Briffault is probably unafraid at times, but he does a most searching and artistic job in taking the hide off the English in *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire*. And, right or wrong, he certainly set down a number of very sound predictions long before the events. ■

## fools rush in

Liston Stew said Margery I really have measles. I think you have said Stewart because the spots are beginning to come out. Well what shall we read?

No but Liston said Margery aren't you really afraid you'll catch it? It might be serious you know. There isn't anything to be ashamed of in being scared. Hank was scared. Sure said Stewart everybody's scared of diseases and so I don't see why it's so comic to take precautions against them. Well I don't think it's comic any more darling said Margery and you can wear your old belly-band all you want to and red mittens and a fur hat too and I won't laugh because you weren't as scared as Hank was and you knew more about it too. Ah said Stewart and then he sat down and read to her until she fell asleep.

So by and by Margery got over the measles and she and Stewart were married. Stewart continued to wear rubbers and keep out of draughts and he exercised every morning. And sometimes Margery got up and exercised with him. So after a while they had three children whom they named Ethelred and Louise and Peyton.

Well one day when Ethelred was six he got sick and Dr. Bugbee came at noon and

said it was measles. O dear said Margery I have simply got to go to the dentist's and it is Ika's day out. Well that's all right said Stewart I guess they can spare me at the office and I will stay with him. But had you ought to dear? said Margery for you know measles can be pretty serious if grown-ups get them. I can't get them said Stewart I had them when I was ten. What! said Margery and Stewart who had spoken without thinking suddenly remembered and he said H'm well! and got red. And he continued to get redder as Margery continued to stare at him.

And then Margery laughed. Darling she said that's lovely! For I always thought you were an awful fool for staying that day. And you're not a fool. Yet nobody but a fool would have stayed. Or a hero said Stewart. It's the same thing said Margery. And you always took that afternoon with Henry too seriously. I always intended to marry you anyway. Goodbye dear. And she kissed him and went out.

Stewart looked at the door and said thoughtfully O did you? And then he went in and told Ethelred the story of the three hours. And I guess this is a good place to stop. ■

## merry-go-round

Don't Be Too Sure About These

- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| (A) a4. b4. c2. | (K) a2. b1. c5. |
| (B) a1. b4. c5. | (L) a3. b2. c4. |
| (C) a5. b2. c1. | (M) a2. b3. c4. |
| (D) a4. h2. c3. | (N) a3. b1. c5. |
| (E) a4. b5. c2. | (O) a3. b5. c1. |
| (F) a5. h1. c4. | (P) a3. b1. c4. |
| (G) a1. b5. c2. | (Q) a3. b2. c1. |
| (H) a3. b1. c2. | (R) a2. b5. c3. |
| (I) a2. h3. c5. | (S) a2. b1. c4. |
| (J) a3. h4. c2. | (T) a3. b5. c2. |

### Phony Twenty

Butch loses \$14.85. The two transactions of changing the counterfeit twenty cancel each other.

### Punaround

1. rudy, muel; 2. heir, air; 3. feet, feat.

from page 39

from page 24



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|-------------|------------|
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| 2. French   | 7. Russian |
| 3. Greek    | 8. Italian |
| 4. Hawaiian | 9. Polish  |
| 5. Spanish  | 10. Dutch  |

### Numbers Game

7 3 5  
6 1 8  
4 2 9

1 7 8 2

Team! Team! Team!!

Standing: Brutus Purple, 32; Alligator Crunch, 14; Sylvester Scarcrow, 42; Lucius Brinfrage, 19; Paleolithic Jones, 21. Seated: Jeremiah Hotfoot, 13; Oysterface Anderson, 9.

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# THE LAST WORD

**DISCOVERY:** William Turner (*Two-Bit Special*, page 18) is COLLEGE HUMOR's find of the month, thanks to Robert L. Pickering, ex-editor of the California *Pelican*, who suggested that the author submit the manuscript to us. Boh

is convinced that, although Bill Turner's health does not permit him to spend more than one hour each day at writing, he is a "real Benelley." This is Bill's first appearance in print anywhere, and we're extremely interested to know whether or not you agree with us that he's got something. Also, if you like his stuff, drop him a cheery note in care of Robert L. Pickering, 201 Fourth St., Oakland, Cal.

● WILLIAM TURNER

Here's what Bill Turner has to say for himself: "I first became famous at the age of thirteen, when I made the headlines of the San Francisco and Oakland dailies by saving three persons from death by gas. (I thought they'd been poisoned.)"

"I made my freshman numerals in basketball at the University of California, but was unable to play on the varsity because of my devotion to my studies. The fact, also, that the coach dropped me from the team may possibly have had something to do with it.

"I was editor of the California *Pelican*, campus humor magazine, and of the *Occident*, college literary publication. While editor of the latter, I was required to read a great amount of poetry and, as a result, contracted tuberculosis."

**SWINGIANA:** Gordon Lawler takes issue with our Swing Department. "In the November issue, you, Mr. Ballard makes sweeping statements on converting old radio equipment for record reproduction. As a former radio serviceman, I'd hate to have anyone bring in an old radio and an old turntable and expect 'same tone and volume as an expensive jitney-in-the-slot machine.' You say, 'If he uses a large speaker...' My gosh, the speaker is part of the set! If a serviceman changed it, it would mean rewiring or a separate field supply. The basic tube lineup on these old sets is insufficient for adequate volume. A big Wurliitzer has 4 6L6 in push pull. It is necessary to run the phono into an intricate input circuit with separate bass and treble controls before it even enters the amplifier circuit proper. A big coin machine uses an 18-inch speaker that is fed 300 to 400 volts with adequate amperage. How in hell can any serviceman duplicate this for a few dollars, and with an old radio unit? Why not admit that one has to spend from \$200 to \$300 to get real record response? The only thing that sounds halfway decent under this is the \$65 table Magnavox." We asked Pat about this. He said, "Why go into a long-winded discussion? Two eighteen-dollar record-players were just placed on the market!"

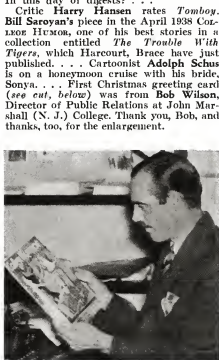
And A. B. Hine, Jr., Princeton, '38, views with trepidation "a growing tendency, among bands which never before made even a claim to the hot brotherhood, to fake Swing arrangements. Some of these gentry are alarmingly deceptive, and the tyro who has adopted Swing in this its latest manifestation, without a proper grounding in the early classics (Bix, Besie, and Bechet), is often taken in by music which has little more than noise and accelerated tempo to recommend it. And mere noise and speed are *not* Swing. "Let's be on our guard against fake Swing. The sure test is the instrumental work. Analyze each solo improvisation for its own merits and for its merit as a part of the whole arrangement. Only by some such stricter critical standard can we save swing from solidifying into just another brand of commercial, popular pap." That goes for us too, A. B.—double in brass.

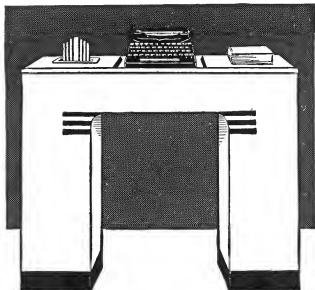
Cele Brokaw, Minnesota *Ski-U-Mah* editress, reports that Benny Goodman crowned Alpha Chi Omega Peggy Gueydan *Ski-U-Mah* queen, during one of his Swing sessions at a local theatre. Benny also directed the Minnesota band, playing *Take 'Em, Minnesota, Gophers!* new swing football song, between halves of the Minnesota-Nebraska game.

Berkshire (Mass.) School's *Arnold Whitehouse* recommends *Boogey Woogey Stomp*. "And," says he, "why don't you pick a few of Jimmy Lunceford's sterling platters? He has a hunch of oldies that are really hot." . . . William C. Dean, of Culver (Ind.) Military Academy, writes: "The jive we hear is mostly via the radio; we don't have much chance to hear the real McCoy. However, platters are very popular, indeed. We have a 50-piece military band, which is pretty corny most of the time. I don't go for that stiff-collared stuff. Long hair is on its way out, believe me you!"

**FAMILY MATTERS:** Robert C. Leonard, of Gilman (Md.) Country School, complains to Jeff Machamer that his *COLLEGE HUMOR* drawings are too small to be used as wall decorations, would appreciate larger ones. Suggests Jeff: "Please enlarge *COLLEGE HUMOR* to four times its present size, over all. Then my drawings will print large enough for prep school wall needs. Much as I'd like to, I can't do autographed 'murals' for the lads." In this day of digests? . . .

Critic Harry Hansen rates Tomboy. Bill Saroyan's piece in the April 1938 *COLLEGE HUMOR*, one of his best stories in a collection entitled *The Trouble With Tigers*, which Harcourt, Brace have just published. . . . Cartoonist Adolph Schus is on a honeymoon cruise with his bride, Sonya. . . . First Christmas greeting card (see cut, below) was from Bob Wilson, Director of Public Relations at John Marshall (N. J.) College. Thank you, Bob, and thanks, too, for the enlargement.





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